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“GETTYSBURG”

A Drama

OF THE

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

BY W. J. McKEE,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

(38 Market St.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

(NORTHERN.)

John Cook, Farmer.
Mrs. Mary Cook, Wife.
Harry Cook.
Percy Cook.
Sam Cook, (Boy.)
Charley Harris.
Jennie Morton.
Irish Jerry, Rose, Preston, &c.
"Mexico," a Libby Hero.

(SOUTHERN.)

Belle Kane, Southern Spy.
Dick Kane, Her Brother.
Mrs. H. Carter, Her Friend.
Mason, C. S. A.
Johnson, C. S. A.
Joe and Lucy, Slaves.
Russell—"Half-and-Half."
Soldiers, U. S. and C.S.
Boys, Girls, &c.

P L O T .

The play involves a pass. In '61, the opening of the War, Belle Kane, the Heroine, is stopping North, at Gettysburg, and wishing to go South, her home, a pass, obtained through Cousin Percy Cook, is given her to go. She runs the guard and keeps the pass and with it and Southern passes North she plays the Southern Spy. Some Union officers she tricks to an evening party; among them Harry Cook, her cousin-lover. There H. is wounded, captured with the rest and sent to Libby. Her Cousin, Percy Cook, rival to Harry, she meets at Tomb of Washington, between the lines, and plots with him—offended by the slavery question in the war—to surrender to the South his Union troops. While there the bugle call "Advance," is heard. She fears his safety and suggests a pass. In the act of handing one she's startled by a noise (the step of Harry Cook, escaped from Libby); and crossing from the right to left she gives him (Percy) the fatal pass. With it P.'s captured on the picket lines by Southern guards. They drop it taking him to camp. 'Tis seen by Harry, taken together with the pistol dropped by Percy on the scene, and brought to Gettysburg, his home. There 'tis loaded into Percy's pistol, together with the ball from Harry's arm, by little Sam, his younger brother, and at the battle's ending, Percy's pass avenges Percy's death.

GETTYSBURG, A DRAMA OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

ACT FIRST. SCENE FIRST.

Interior of JOHN COOK'S house, Gettysburg, Pa.—R. lattice window; C. D. and L. D.; desk and tables; fire-place on L; mantel—rifle o'er it; Boy Sam reading newspaper to J. C.

John. I see there will be war. There's nothing now will satisfy the Southern heart but war. Just read those last few lines again, my boy. Read louder, if you can.

Sam. [Reads.] "We say it once again we do not want a Union with the Yankees north. No! A Union with a nation of hyenas far were better—far better than with them. Union? No! Freedom is what we want and what we mean to have, and have we will, or have the freest fight for it this country ever had. It's freedom, Southern independence now, or war—a war unto the knife—the knife unto the hilt." [Loud cheers.]

J. Let me see that. [Reads it.] There's blood in every word. Determined now they are to rule or ruin.

S. And will they come and fight us, Pa?

J. They will, my boy. Not you, perhaps; but Harry they will, and Percy they will, and me and all the rest like us—all, all; they'll come and fight us all, my boy.

S. And Cousin Belle?

J. Your Cousin Belle? Ah, my boy, I fear you are going to lose that cousin now. She'll go away, I fear, unto the South, and you will never, never see her more. [Aside.] No, no, I should not talk this way to him; no, no, not now, not now.

S. And Cousin Belle will fight them there?

J. Come, come, my child, we'll talk no more of war. It may not come at all. Come, find some other news and read. Look here—this side. [Points.] The corner there, up high—what's that about?

S. [Turns paper.] The war comet.

J. The war comet! Well, that you needn't read—no, skip that now. Look 'round for other news—some foreign news. You see some there? Look 'round.

Belle. [Enters L. D., letter in hand.] I'm come in, Uncle, for a letter stamp. Not out, are you? [At desk.] No; you've one, I see.

J. [Turning.] Why, Belle, dear, I thought you had gone to church—that Boston preacher is come, you know?

B. I know it, Uncle, and thought to have this letter done in time to go and hear him; but it seems I missed it. But I can go to-night and hear him, all the same. I see here's just one little word to change. Where is that pen of Percy's now?

J. Hand me that paper, Sam.

B. You see that pen of Percy's, Sam?—here, there or anywhere? Oh, here it is—all right. [Writes.]

J. The paper has some very wicked news this morning, Belle. Where is that speech?

B. Yes; politics, I suppose—is it?

J. Yes; politics it is. Where is it now? I'll find it.

B. Nothing serious, is it?

Wicked, to say the least. Ah, here it is! I'll read it now and you shall judge. 'Tis something in a speech made South. [Reads.] We say, &c. What say you now to that?

S. [goes to *B.*] You'll not go 'way and leave us; will you, Belle?

J. 'Tis wicked, very wicked, talk.

B. Not very wicked for a politician, is it Uncle? You know allowance must be made for them; they all must "gush," as you say, must live, sir?

J. I see you're not inclined to think it serious.

B. Serious? Indeed no, Uncle. In fact I think the more these politicians, North and South, break out and talk for war the more I think we'll keep in peace. Indeed I do. That's Bella's serious thought and Harry's too, the way he spoke to me but yesterday. Yes. [Pause.] Come Uncle, have you anything to send in this to Brother Dick? I've left some space. What shall it be?

S. You'll not go way and leave us; will you, Belle?

B. Kiss me. [Pause.] Anything of business, Uncle?

J. Of business? No, nothing of that this time. Say all are well and send their love to him and his— [Drum heard.] What's that—a drum? On Sunday? No—can't be. Yes, there it is again. Go, Sam, see what it means. Run now, quick, and hurry back. Put on your hat. That's very strange, indeed.

S. [At c. d.] Here's Harry, pa!

[Exit c. d.]

Harry. [Entering c. d.] Go it, Sam! Well, Belle, father, news. You hear the news—the latest?

B. No, Harry, no. What is it?

H. War! The South has fired on Sumpter!

B. [Aside.] War?

J. Well! well! And Sumpter—Sumpter, did it fire back? It did.

H. Shot for shot!

J. Good! They've fired the shot whose ball will roll till every slave's a man!

H. Yes, shot for shot Fort Sumpter fired back. So said the news. [Pause.] Well, I'm not here to stay, and don't you think it. [Going L. D.] I'm off and out again to see what's going on or coming. It's roused the people, father, this news. The town's ablaze; streets full of men and women, boys and girls—all cheering and singing, speeching, shouting, marching and drumming! Oh, there never was the like!

J. Good! I'm glad of that!

H. No Sunday this at all outside—more like the Fourth—July. [Going and turns.] Oh, is Percy here, Belle?

B. No, I think not. Is he, uncle—Percy here?

J. What's that?

H. Percy here?

J. No. Percy went to church, I think.

H. Yes, I know; but it's time he should be home; the church let out an hour ago nearly.

B. An hour ago—the church?

H. Let out an hour ago, to leave the people talk the news—yes.

J. The church let out?

H. Dismissed the people with the National Doxology—the glorious Star Spangled Banner.

J. I'm glad of that also.

H. Well, I'm off, [Taking off coat.] Where's that other coat of mine? [Calls.] Lucy! [Exit L. D.]

B. [Glancing at J.—aside.] I can't, can't write a single word correctly—not one single word. [Scratches paper.] I wonder if its true, this news. I doubt it.

J. [Looks at B.] Writing. Well, well, I guess I'll have to out myself and see what is coming next. I can't stay here; I must know more—must see the people and must hear the people's voice. Oh, Belle, you see your Uncle's hat? Oh, here it is—I have it. Keep on writing. I think I'll take this Southern paper with me now; 'twill teach the people some of Southern rights and Northern wrongs. [Going.] Well, 'tis freedom, independence now or war. The South have said it and have fired the shot—they have fired the first, we'll see who'll fire the last! [Exit c.D.]

B. Dear me! I hope it isn't true, this news. It's terrible to think it is. I do wish Aunt would come—She would know. There's one thing certain, if it's true I can't stay here—no, I can't stay here and war agoing on at home—never—not a day. [Pause.] But there, it is'nt true. No, I don't believe a word of it—not half a word, and I'll not think of it, either. No, I'll see now how this letter reads. [Reads.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., April 17th, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter of the 10th I received in good time. I have been waiting patiently for news to write you, but will wait no

longer ; 'tis time it should be answered now by something, even if the something is not news. 'Tis quite political—your letter. The spirit of it tells me that you apprehend the country is about to have some trouble from the issue of the last election. For one I do not share your apprehension ; I see no cause. In fact I think, from all accounts about the matter, that parties North and South are at the present fairly tending to a compromise. There may be yet some hot debate, some trying times, but all will end, I think, in compromise and peace. Yes, I think this wicked dream of war will pass away, and all this agitation end in mutual peace, and I do wish it, wish it from my heart, and hope you do the same. I am for peace, brother—peace first and last—peace with secession or without it—still for peace—for anything but war. 'Tis horrible to think of that, and I for one would sacrifice the half of right to prevent it. But if peace is not to be unto the South, if now the trouble come you apprehend, then I am with you, brother—with you in the storm—with you to share the danger—with you to meet the danger, if need be so, a little over half the way. [Speaks.] (That part I know he'll like.) Come weal or woe, I am the South's; her future is my future—her fate my fate. I love my country much, but home more.

But I must close this now in time to get the mail, and so no more of never-ending politics. I need not write you that I'm well ; you know it or can guess, Keep sending me the Southern papers, as I like to read them for a change. I hope you get the ones I send to you—do you ? Your letters never state. Uncle and Aunt and family are all well—in best of health. Your Cousin Sam is still the same—as sweet a soul as in the world, I think, or out of it. Uncle is very kind to me, and let's me have my liberty in almost everything. He sends his love to you and yours and best of wishes for health and happiness in years to come. [Drums.] Gracious ! It chills my very blood, that drum. There, that I think will do. Yes, it must ; no time is now, to better it. [Writes and speaks.] Your loving sister, Belle—Belle. [Kisses it.] Now the envelope. [Writes and speaks.] To Richard Kane, Richmond, Va. He'll get this by to-morrow night, I guess, and now to post. [Knock at c. d.] Come in!

Boy. [Enters c. d.] Telegram, Miss Belle Kane. [Drums.]

B. Yes, that's my name. [Signs book, exit boy.] From Brother Dick ; I know it is. [Opens.] Richmond ; yes, I thought so. What's this ? War ? [Reads.] "War is certain—come, Your Brother D." War, war ! He knows it and he bids me come. Enough ; his voice is law and home I come. Yes ! yes, this news is true at last, and all my hopes I see are shadows now and dreams. War ! war, and certain. [Tears up letter.] I'll not post this ; no, 'tis no use now—no use ! no use ! [Pause.] And now to home, home. Yes, home I must and quickly. But no—to Harry first. Yes, Harry I must see and tell him all—all ! all !—tell all, tell all of love—who can ? [Pause.] No ; no, I cannot tell him all ! Not all—not now—no ; no, I'll kill this—this love, if so I can, and tell

him what? [Pause.] That we must part—part—and part from this. *Kisses ring.* This! This! Must I? [Pause—nods head.] 'Tis hard—'tis cruel—cruel; but "war is cruelty," and I must war! [Going L. D.]

Harry. [At L. D.] Well, Belle, I'm going by your leave. Oh, have you any notion of going yourself?

B. Harry! Harry!

H. Why, cousin, what's the matter? You don't look happy. What's wrong?

B. Harry, we two must part, and now.

H. Part? We part? Why? How? You don't mean to say you are going away? No!

B. It must be said.

H. Oh, but it musn't be said. I'll not have it said. Where's father—gone? Why, Belle, I thought you had come to stay some months. You said it.

[*Percy enters C. D., withdraws and listens at latticed window R.*]

B. I know it, Harry. Yes, I know I did engage that time. But now this news—this news of war. You know I dare not stay from home at such a time—cannot.

H. Oh, this news. Oh, yes, I see—this news of war; 'tis that has changed you, is it? I see. But, cousin, perhaps it isn't true, this news, or only half it true. It may be false, may be overstated—who knows? Like as not it is. There may be nothing in it—it's possible. Why, bless you, Belle, this news that's going now shouldn't change your heart—no.

B. [Aside.] My heart!

H. It may be false—all, all contradicted by to-morrow, every word of it. Why, the news is not "official," anyway. Didn't I tell you? No, not a word of it official. In fact it all may be a down-right New York hoax—a put-up rumor just to put up gold in Wall street market. Such tricks do happen now-a-days. You know it, don't you? I do. Yes, happens twice or thrice a week. Some wire-pulling trick, I know it is. For all I know it may have come from there—New York—this news. No telling yet whether or no.

B. No, no, Harry; I cannot think it. I know it, feel it in my very soul, the worst is come to pass. 'Tis all too true, this news of war, and home I must.

H. Home! But the danger, Cousin! Suppose it true—think of the danger going home!

B. Danger, Harry! Danger! That word confirms me but the more to go. The greater danger is, the greater need to go. Danger and duty now to me are one. But there, I'm talking wild; I know I am. Forgive me, Harry, and I'll say no more. We'll part now—part in peace—won't we? Yes, we will; we'll part in peace. You will not argue with me, will you, 'cause I go away—No, no; you will not, Harry, will you? No! say it, Harry—say it!

H. No! no! Heaven forbid that I should wound you even in thought! But, cousin! cousin! wild you are to talk of leaving us on this wild news. Oh, it's too bad! ridiculous! give it up—stay!

B. No! no!

H. What will your brother think? Why, think we forced you home. He will, I know he will. [Pause.] Come, give it up and stay. You know that you can stay here still—still have your own way, just the same as in the past—can think and do and say whate'er you please, and none to question. All that and more. Come, don't go off and make the bad news worse.

B. Harry, I must. [Percy withdraws from window.]

H. This news is not official. I mean this rumor—this wild report of war—'tis not official. Not a word—No! It's half imagination and half exaggeration—it is—I know it is; can't be otherwise—'Tis not official. You shouldn't leave us now, on that account. You have no cause; that is no cause—[Drums.]

B. No, no; 'tis all too true, this news. You hear? Too true, and home I must. I'm called—I must obey, and now you'll aid me, Harry, will you not to home? Yes, you'll speak to Uncle and gain his consent; will you not? Yes, and Aunt. You know I cannot part in anger now. No, no—we'll all part friends—all of us—won't we? Yes, you'll side with me; will you not, Harry?

H. What? Side with you to let you go? [Crosses R.]

B. Yes

H. [Aside.] What an idea! [Aloud.] Cousin, Cousin. Well, suppose I should? Suppose, for your sake, that I should? Suppose the supposition—what then? They'll all refuse; all object, and strongly. They'll never give consent to let you go. Never—never! What then? Will you then stay—be ruled? You ought. Majorities, you know, should rule; or, must we suppose they shouldn't rule? Cousin, Cousin—

B. Cousin, Cousin—You do jest. 'Tis not a subject fit; 'tis not the time, nor place—I not the one to listen. [Going L. D.]

H. Cousin!

B. You will not aid me? You refuse? You say it; do you?

H. Cousin!

B. Enough! You look it! [Stamps foot, goes and turns.]

H. Cousin—once more—

B. No, no—no more, you plead in vain; my heart pleads home. I am resolved. Go, break the news; tell everything; say all you think [Goes and turns and reproaches.]

B. Say all you think. Yes, say the worst. Say I'm angry, thankless, rash, foolish, wild—yes, say I am wild, selfish, willful, running away; care for none, like none, feel for none. Say it all, Harry—say it all—all you think, say the worst—say it all.

H. No, no; I'll not say that. [Pause.] You jest.

B. No! [Pause.] Then say my heart's the South's.

H. And say that hand is mine?

B. Harry, farewell! [Exit L. D. closing.]

H. No! no! not farewell! not farewell! [Calling.] Cousin! cousin! [Pause.] Heaven forgive you? What shall I?—follow? No! 'Tis useless now; she will not listen. No! her heart pleads home, and home she will. She'll go—I see it. That little foot of hers has nodded fate. [Works his foot.] She means it—she'll go as sure as fate! Is this to be the end? No, no; it cannot be! She'll go, but part we cannot! No, no, we cannot part; 'tis not the end; we cannot part! Farewell? It cannot be! Farewell? No! no! No time nor death shall say it! But I must go—must act—not stay debating here. Oh, I'll side with her, very much—yes, very. [Pause.] Let me think. I'll speak to Father first. He'll talk coercion, sure; at least I think he will. And Percy! I wonder now how he will stand, and what he'll say. [Pause at C. D.] I'll try him anyway. Wait here; I see Sam coming. Yes, he's coming in. Sam, the very one to talk to her—the only one she'll listen to. Good! I'll tell him first. Now for a good beginning. Well, Sam, what is it now—the news?

Sam. [C. D.] Oh, Harry! the soldiers are going to fight everybody!

H. Going to fight everybody! That's dreadful! Come here, Sam; now I've got some news for you. Don't talk too loud. You know your Cousin Belle is going away? You hear of that?

Sam. Cousin Belle going away?

H. Going away to leave us—Away, away, never, never to come back, maybe. Think of that:—Never, never. Now Sam, Belle's in the room thiere. I want you to go in and talk to her and it may be she'll not go. You see? Go now; don't say I sent you for the world. Here, take this paper in your hand. Mind now, talk nice and pretty and I'll buy you something nice and pretty. What'll I buy you, eh? What do you want most? Name it—anything.

Sam. Buy me.—[Pause.] Buy me a gun. [Exit L. D.]

H. A gun! Well, now, that's a remarkably high-sounding order, I must say? A gun! Oh, I'm off after that. [Passing L. D.] Hark! they're at it. [Exit C. D. to left.]

[John and Mary enter C. D. from right.]

J. [Looks 'round.] Yes, house all out—just as I expected. Well, well.

M. Well, well—right enough; isn't it? You wouldn't have your sons sticking in the house; would you? and all the town on fire with this 'rebel news'; would you? I wouldn't. For my part, I hope they'll go—enlist and fight and drive them all to Halifax—these tarnation rebels.

J. My dear, don't gush. Remember it is Sunday, this, and you are just returned from church. Remember that.

M. No matter for that; truth's truth—Sunday or no Sunday—tarna-

tion rebels that they are, every one of them. Hoity-toity, Sunday, indeed. Hang Sunday and the rebels, too!

J. Keep cool, woman ; keep cool.

M. Keep cool? Keep hot, you mean? Keep cool! Tarnation—man if you had been to church and heard that Boston preacher speak on rebel politics, your nervous system would have up and swore.

J. Swore, Mary? Why, Mary! Mary! you never heard me swear, did you? Never! No, never, never in the whole course of our married existence have you heard me swear once. Never! Don't say I'll begin now. Don't gush, Mary! I'll not have it! I'll not have it, Mary! I don't care who he is, or what he is, or where he comes from, there is no preacher, I don't care what he would say, could make me swear on politics—not one. What do preachers know of politics, anyway? That's not their science, is it? Come, now, don't gush on preachers, too. Respect yourself.

M. But, John, I was telling of the Tarnation rebels.

J. And I was telling you not to gush, I don't like it.

M. But I can say amen to what the preacher says.

J. Amen, but not so much Tarnation to it; I don't like it.

M. Tarnation! Tarnation rebels! Is that it?

J. Yes, that—that I don't like—object to—don't want—no.

M. But, John, the Tarnation preacher said it, I mean—

J. No matter what the Tarnation preacher said; I say, don't say it—not here—not to me. I don't like it—won't have it; you're not in church; you musn't say it.

M. Musn't!

J. Come, Mary, now no rebels here—no rebels. Get supper now, or something like a supper. I feel quite weak from that fast walk. [Pause.] Do you know now that you've come home this afternoon and have not spoken a single word of that girl Belle—not one, not one short, single word about that girl? Can you suppose how she feels now about this Southern news? Not well, I'm thinking, Mary—not well. She wrote a letter home to-day.

[*Percy enters in haste, C. D. open from left.*]

Percy. Well, where is she—Belle?

M. Belle? I don't know. In her room, I suppose. Why, what's the matter?

P. What's the matter? Not hear it? Why, Belle is going home—South. So she told Harry.

J. As I suspected.

M. You! You never said a word about it—not a word!

P. Yes, Harry and Belle had quite a scene here this afternoon. She's dreadfully put out about this news—home she wants right off. She's in her room, you say? [Goes to L. D., open.]

J. As I suspected all along.

M. You never said a word—not one.

P. There, I hear her now, talking to Sam. I'll go in, shall I? Yes.

M. No, wait, my son; I'll go myself.

J. No, Mary, wait, I'll go myself; although I know it will be no use—all come to naught, I know. Wait, Mary.

M. No, no, John; let me go first. I'm oldest, John; let me go now. Yes, do—let me go first—yes.

P. Wait, now; wait, wait. I hear Sam coming out, I think. Yes, Sam it is. I see him. He's come to tell us all, no doubt. Well, Sam?

Sam. [L. D.] Oh, Ma! Cousin Belle is going away to leave us!

M. Going away to leave us! Child, child, come to me,

S. And she's crying, too!

M. Crying, child! crying! Your Cousin Belle is crying!

J. As I suspected!

M. Come, child, we'll see your Cousin Belle. We'll see if Cousin Belle is going away to leave us now. Come, now, we'll see, we'll see. [Exit with Sam—L. D.]

P. Suppose I in and see her, father, too? I'll object to her going, and strongly.

J. No use, no use; she'll go—you cannot talk her out of it—she'll go; not you nor any one can change her now; she'll go—outfight us all. I want to hear about the war—the news. Have you any? How is it; worse or better, or how is it? You hear of anything new?

P. No, no; it's still the same—the news—no worse—nothing new, nothing changed, just the same, [Pause.] Suppose I in and talk to Belle awhile—try coax her for to stay—yes, a day or so, or more. What think? No harm to try, you know.

J. Well, well; go speak to her, go try what you can do. I know it will come to nothing. But go object; say something, yes, say something—go! If nothing's said she'll think you nothing care. Send Sam in.

P. Oh, I'll object, and strongly [aside], strongly, if I want her to go. Anything to beat Harry now, Tha's the object. [Exit L. D.]

J. [Pause.] I wonder what was in that letter here she wrote to-day. 'Twas pretty long; it took some time to finish. She didn't read it like she did the former ones; no! [pause] oh, well, all right enough perhaps, or will be some day, some day. [Girl enters L. D. with supper on tray, also candle lit]. Supper, is it? Well, supper I can't eat this night I know.

Girl. It's a very light supper, sir.

J. [Rising.] Unless I get up an appetite some way. Oh, Lucy, where's that pipe of mine? [Goes to mantel.] You see it? Oh, never mind, I see it now myself. I think I'll try a light smoke for an appetite; I've read of such a cure somewhere; I'll see what's in it now [cleans pipe], and there's that rifle now of 1812 needs cleaning up. I'll have to mind and fix that up to-morrow. It has some blue mold on

I see. [Smokes.] Tell Belle her supper's ready now. [Exit girl L. D.] She'll have none, though, I guess.

Sam. [Enters L. D.] You want me, Pa?

J. Yes, child; I want you now. Come here. I want you now to have supper. Why, bless us, have you been crying too? Oh, that's too bad, too bad; come up here now [on knee] and tell me all about it; what's all this cry about, eh? What's the matter now? Your cousin Belle a going away? Yes, going away to leave us? Poor cousin Belle. Did little Sam tell cousin Belle about that dream he had of her the other night?

S. No, sir.

J. Didn't tell her? Why not? She should be told about that dream, and Sam should tell her.

S. Then she'll cry more, Pa.

J. Cry more, will she? Yes, true, she would cry more if you should tell her that [kisses him]. There, there, say nothing to her then, say nothing. There, child, don't cry—don't, don't—don't cry, 'twill all come right some day [aside]; I'll cry myself if this keeps on. See, there comes Percy now. Well, Percy?

P. [L. D.] Oh, well, her mind's made up to go. She'll listen now to nothing but her home.

J. Nature, Percy, nature.

P. Crying all the time. I scarcely could hold in myself. Yes, home she goes to-morrow.

J. Well, we must make up our minds for it too, I suppose.

P. I suppose; she's quite determined. By the way, father, I think before she goes Belle ought to have a pass. I hear the government is watching all the railways now for spies, and female ones especially. You hear of that?

J. No; I didn't hear of that—nothing of that. Watching for spies already?

P. Yes, so said; and female ones especially. She might have trouble getting on without a pass.

J. Yes, yes; a pass she ought to have. She goes straight home when she leaves us—straight home and no delay.

P. [Aside.] A pass it is. [Aloud.] Yes, we ought to make her safe and sure since go she will. And now to get it. Suppose I write to Mr. West, our State Senator, a line or so explaining matters? [Goes to desk, &c.]

J. Mr. West? Very good. Write to him. Yes; he's just the man will get us one, or put us on the track to get it. Yes; write a letter now to Mr. West, and I'll sign it, and make it brief, Percy. You know these public men are fond of brevity in writing.

P. [Writes, &c.] I'll take it over now, I suppose. Belle starts to-morrow early, you know.

J. Yes; take it over right off—the sooner fixed the better. Read it—are you done? Mind, make it brief as possible.

P. Yes; I am. Its nearly finished. [Pause.] Here it is. [Reads.] Gettysburg, April 17, 1861.—Dear Sir: The bearer of this is desirous of returning home, beyond the army lines South. A pass is needed for this purpose and I respectfully ask you recommend the same to the military at Washington. Yours truly.

To Hon. J. D. West, &c.

J. Yes; that's about it, I guess. [Writes.] John Cook; there.

P. Reads Pass. Yes; that's all right, I think. [Pause.] Well, I'm off. See Sam, how solemn he looks. You would think his heart had heard its own death warrant. Well, Sam, good bye to Belle. He asked his Harry for a gun to-day. [Going C. D.] Well, off i' is. Bye-bye, Sam.

J. Oh, you want your supper; don't you—fore you go? Yes.

P. No; never miud. I may get supper where I'm going. Bye-bye, Sam. [Exit C. D.]

S. Coming back? Is Percy going to leave us, Pa?

J. Oh, no; Percy will be back again. He's gone an errand now for Cousin Belle; He'll soon be back. [Turning.] Oh, there's your Ma; now come to supper, Go get your big high chair and set it up—that's it. Well, Mary, Belle's not coming, I suppose; is she?

M. [L. D. Goes to table.] No, no; she want's no supper, now.

J. No, I thought not. No Belle, and no Percy, and no Harry for supper. Well, well, we can't have our own way in this world all our days. We must make up our minds to that. [At table.] I don't know whether I can eat or not. I'll make a trial, though. Come Mary—tea.

M. [Pours tea for J. and S.] There; I'll take nothing now.

J. Oh, yes; come eat and drink—take something now. What is the use of all this fretting and this worry whenever things go wrong? No use—no use; but a great harm. It does no good, but harm—harm; only feeds the trouble more and more, and makes it worse. Come, now, have something—here—a piece of toast. No? [Pause.] Come wife, take something—something—anything—take a little—yes—a little; it may make you hungry. Try it—'twill do no hurt I know. Here, some toast. Well—

M. No, no; John, nothing—nothing, now.

J. Well, well, nothing as you wish. Fret, fret away, but it will do no good, I tell you that. Belle's going home unto her brother, now. Keep on your eating, boy; don't mind me. When once she says she'll go, why go she will. Fret, fret away, but go she will in spite of all your tears and argument. You'll see it. I don't now say she's right, no, no, I don't say that. I do say, though, she thinks her brother's right—she thinks him right—thinks it [pause], and "think and let think" is right. You know that true, of course.

M. Oh, I don't know; I can't think anything

J. You know it, Mary, but don't like to think it out, Well, isn't it natural now to want to be at home, isn't it—beside her brother now when war's at hand—isn't it natural in her? isn't it? You know it is.

M. Oh, I don't know, John ; I don't know.

J. Mary, you know it's woman's nature now to stand by persons in a conflict, don't you? not by principles, you know that, don't you, now? that individuals are their idols not ideas. You know that now, I know you do, don't you? [M *shakes head.*] No, don't know that? Well, you'll know it soon—as soon as Belle goes home and takes her brother's side; you'll know it then. You know it now, but can't think out the thing for fretting. Come, eat away, Sam, don't stop to listen to me.

S. I've done now, Pa.

J. Done now? Oh, you've not done now, surely. Why, you've only now commenced. Come, eat up, eat up; don't stop because I stop. Here, one more piece for Belle—that's a man. Take—don't look—eat—no cry. I've had enough of cry to-day. Now, where's that pipe again? Oh, here it is. [Smokes.] Yes, yes, she'll go away. I said, and say again she'll go away—going and will go. Yes, that is settled so far—going—[smokes] going, yes! But she's not gone, Mary—she's not gone—not gone—not yet, no, not yet.

M. But she will go, John.

J. Oh, go she will, I know; yes, right well enough I know she'll go—yes—she'll go. But still 'tis one thing, Mary, now to go away, another thing to stay away. That is different—that last—that staying power. You know that true I guess [pause]. Yes, true, she'll go—go, but may not go for good. She may in course of time [smokes], in course of time [smokes] come back—come back.

[*Belle enters L. D.—stops—emotion.*]

M. Heaven grant she may !

J. She may in course of time come back. [Leans head on arm—talks to self—pause.] Yes, yes, it will be so; she will come back to us. I cannot think that Heaven above has destined us to live apart. I feel it cannot be. My very soul cries out against the thought, it cannot, must not be. Yes, yes, she will come back, she will come back [pause] Mary, that boy is getting sleepy there; he's nodding. I think he had better go to bed and sleep aright [calls.] Sam.

M. Come, Sam, you want to go to bed? Yes, come, you're sleepy now I know.

Sam. [Kneels down by mother—prays silent.]

J. [To self.] Yes, she'll come back to us [pause]—come back. She must—must; 'tis destiny; one blood, one people and one union's ours.

S. [Looking up.] Pray for Belle, too, Ma?

M. Pray for Belle? Yes, yes, my child, pray now for Belle.

J. Yes—charity for all.

M. [Kisses him—emotion—kneels with him.] Yes, yes, my child, pray now for Cousin Belle! Pray now for Cousin Belle—pray, pray she may come back to us—come back to us and live with us again forever and forever. Pray, pray, my God, pray, pray!

(Belle kneels—scene closes on group.)

ACT FIRST. SCENE SECOND.

Street Scene.—HARRY and CHARLEY meet.

C. Halloo! Harry! Morning this morning!

H. [Reading paper.] Why, Charley—that you? How are you? What's the news this morning?

C. News! What's the news you this morning?

H. Oh, good and glorious news! Papers full of it! See here—war—war—in every column.

C. Talk, talk, along the whole line, eh?

H. Talk! talk! What do you mean? That talk—that? [Shows paper.] Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 soldiers—that talk? You read it—have you?

C. Read it? Yes, I have read it. Why?

H. Well, how is it all talk? Soldiers not for talking, are they? No, no, Charley, talk is over now—dead, dead. Fort Sumpter ended talk. Fight's the word now—action! war!

C. Think so, do you?

H. Think so! See here, do you want me to talk, or what? What are you thinking about—you? Thinking of peace, and the cannon roaring in your ears, eh? are you? Peace?

C. I'm thinking you're talking, Harry. Why, the best men in the country now want peace.

H. Well, the best men in the country are going to get war before they get peace.

C. War! Now, Harry, you don't want fighting, do you? War with the South, do you, honest?

H. The South fired on Fort Sumpter—struck first. I want blow for blow—equal rights. That's what I want—honest.

C. I know they fired first—I know that. But the North coaxed them, tricked them into it. You know that? The papers say it.

H. Tricked them into it—the North? No, no; not a bit of it—not a word of it true—not a word. They've tricked themselves. Yes, they've talked war and sworn war for years and years; and now they've shot first to fire the Southern heart and scare the Northern head—that's us. They've done it; we are in for it. They've scared us into shooting, and we'll go ahead. We'll see now who'll leave off first.

C. Why, Harry, your own party papers claim this war as their war—you know it?—some of them.

H. Yes, some of them claim that. But you know, and I know, and the people know, that this war is a war for the flag—a flag war, not a party war.

C. The flag!—that's us. We're one there, Harry. Shake.

H. [Shakes hands.] Yes, for the flag; not party—not politics. It's the flag's in danger, not politics; that's a side issue.

C. That's my view exactly, Harry. Politics is a side issue. Party is out of the question; nothing to do with the war. It's a war for one flag, not one party. You say that?

H. That's us! [Shakes hands.]

C. For one country, not one politic.

H. That's us, Charley!

C. But your party paper thinks the cause.

H. No matter what my paper thinks, or what your paper thinks. Papers, parties, politics, are nothing now. The flag, the people's flag—that is all in all. You say that?

C. That's us! [Shakes.] Harry, I would fight the buttons off my shirt for that flag! I would, by George! if war would come.

H. Well, isn't it come? What's Fort Sumpter?

C. Oh, that affair's nothing—nobody hurt—no blood spilt. That's not war to my mind. I don't care what the papers say; it's not real, down-right, regular war!

H. Oh, but firing on the flag; what's that?

C. Yes; I know that's bad. But as long as there was nobody hurt—no blood shed, why its not so—not so bad. It may end there.

H. No, no; Charley, it will never end there.

C. Oh, I don't know. Some think it will. I hope it may myself. Why, I don't want war with the South, Harry—No, I don't. I like the South myself.

H. So do I, but I like the flag more.

C. [Shakes hands.] And so do I, Harry—so do I. I like the flag more than I like the South. But I like peace more than I do both. I want peace, Harry. I do.

H. And so do I. I want peace—peace is our want, but fight is the way to get it. Charley, we can't have a solid peace in this country under two flags—never; and if you want one flag here you must fight for it.

C. Oh, but I don't want fighting to go on, now.

H. Oh, we're not fighting, now—its the South that's doing it. We've not commenced to begin, to start and go ahead yet—no.

C. Well, I don't want things to commence again. There's no blood shed yet, and I, for one, don't want to see any; not a drop.

H. Well, how about their new flag?

C. Let them alone—let them try their new flag and see how they like it. Can't we do that?

H. No, we can't do that—can't have two flags in one country—two flags—one head and the other tail. Can't have that; no use talking; it's absurd. You say one country, don't you? [Shakes hands.]

C. Yes; I do. Once a country always a country.

H. And one flag, you say?

C. Yes; I say that. One flag—one big flag.

H. And one big country?

C. Yes; and one big country.

H. And one big man to govern it?

C. That's us. [Shaking.]

H. But they want two flags—not one. Two flags or a big fight—that's the question.

C. Can't have it

H. What; the fight?

C. No; the two flags.

H. Then they'll have the fight.

C. But can't we let them alone and let them try their new flag—can't we?

H. No; we can't let them try their new flag. We can't have two flags in one country. We don't want two flags—We won't have two flags, and we won't let anybody else *make* us have have them, either. Try their flag! No! I say try their fight, and let the fight decide the flag. [Pause.] Your cry of "let them alone," Charley, is all nonsense. Let them alone and they'll ram your old flag down your throat and shoot you off the Bunker Hill monument—they will; let them alone—let them alone they'll do it. [Pause.] Oh, you needn't think, now, Charley, for if you want one flag and one country now you must fight. Fight's the word, and if you don't—they'll make two flags and two countries; or, perhaps, thirty-two.

C. Well, I will fight if war comes. I said that afore and I say it again. If war comes I see the show; I fight.

H. But you say: "Let them alone;" don't you?

C. I say let them alone till the right time.

H. Well, I say the time's up to let them alone. They've gone far enough. Fight's the word, Charley—no two ways about it, you needn't think it—the only way *out* of it—is *in* to it. Here, think of England; did you read that piece about England? Eh. Wait; did you? [Looks at paper.] Where is it? Well, no matter. Yes, think about England. She wants two flags in this country; you know that? [Pause.]

C. [Speaks slow.] Yes, yes; I know she's laughing in her *sympathetic* sleeve.

H. I see it. Charley, if this country was cut in two—had two flags, two rulers and two governments, every royal castle in England would be illuminated—they would—in honor of the event—every bloody one of them. Believe it? I do. [Strikes C's breast.] Charley, Charley,

would you live to see that day? Would you—would you? Look at me. No you wouldn't, I know you wouldn't, Charley—you would die first—die!

C. There, there; don't talk about England. You do—you'll make me swear.

H. Then swear, Charley, swear against England, swear for one flag, one country, one union now and forever—swear!

C. How?

H. Enlist—no more talk.

C. Amen. [Going R.] I'm in the next fight.

H. And the next.

C. Yes, and the next, and next, and next—

H. Till that old fort is ours again and that old flag's above it. [Exit R.]

[*Belle and Percy enter L. with boy carrying valise.*]

P. [To boy.] Here, boy, you go ahead and stop at the corner there—see? right-hand side—keep in sight. [Exit boy. Looks at watch.] We're in good time, cousin, and now I want to show you something right here about this pass. Here it is. I didn't read it to you, did I?

B. [Reaches for it.] No, but I can read your hand.

H. Yes, I know you can generally. But there's something special in it I want to point you out. Listen—it's very short [reads].

Gettysburg, April 17, 1861.

Dear Sir: The bearer of this is desirous of returning home beyond the army lines—south. A pass is needed for this purpose, and I respectfully ask you recommend the same to the military at Washington.

I am, sir, truly yours, John Cook.

To Hon. G. D. West, &c.

On the back of the pass is the word "good," signed G. D. West, S. S., Pa.

B. And this I show at Washington, do I?

P. Yes, show this at Washington—show to the military there—Provost Marshal—he'll mark it good again, and good it passes you to home—you, or any one like you.

B. Or any one like me, Percy?

P. Yes, any one like you or unlike you. Understand? No. I'll read again. Listen. [Reads it.] You see the first, "The bearer of this," &c. You mark those words, "the bearer"—no name, you see? Plain, is it? This takes you as you are, or otherwise—the bearer.

B. Disguised?

P. That's it—plain truth—well managed?

B. Percy?

P. Yes, this takes you as you are or otherwise; so fixed to anyway. Hearing there was trouble passing females south, why Percy thought to make your chances doubly sure—so manufactured this.

[*Hands pass.*] You read my hand, you say? and heart [*pause.*] Cousin, cousin, 'tis hard to think that we should part.

Belle. But part we must. My duty bids me go.

Percy. Duty! But is it right to leave us now? No, no; it is not right; you have no cause.

B. There, there; I'll say no more, *Percy*. I cannot speak and pain you after all you've done. I'll say no more, but go. Come, let's part, and part as friends. [*Takes hand.*]

P. Why part? Why must we part? You say 'tis slavery's the cause. Cousin, you wrong us—or you dream!

B. It is the cause.

P. Slavery! Then 'tis slavery to the flag—that flag our fathers made—made sacred to us in one faithful blood. That is the cause—that flag. And would to heaven the South had one as fair, as pure, as just.

B. That flag thy cause! No, no—no, no, *Percy*. That Union flag but hides, conceals from you the real one, freedom to the slave! To that the North have sworn—for that will war us to the bitter end!

P. No, no. The North have sworn by deed that those "who would be free themselves must strike the blow." It dares not, cannot war for slaves. To war for slaves, who will not war themselves, would wrong, dishonor—yes, the best of flags, and d—n the best of men!

B. Oh, *Percy*, thy Northern cause seems fair to-day; but time will come and show its colors black.

P. No, no; I cannot think 'twill ever be. [*Pause.*] But should it come; should that time come; should once that North forget those Union stars, and chant its prayers for victory to these heathen gods—these slaves—then I for one forget the North and war the South no more. But that will never be. No; that flag—its rights began the war; that flag—its rights must end it. [*Pause.*] Should that flag part us, cousin? No!

B. *Percy*, we must. I do not speak its rights. I do not know its rights. I only know I love the South; my duty follows. 'Tis nature calls me home, and part we must.

P. But, cousin.—

B. No, no, *Percy*; my love's beyond control—beyond my own. The South, my home; 'tis with me always—comes in every thought, and lives in every breath; it speaks unto me now—recalls the past; its brightest fondest hopes; its joys and smiles, and all that is in memory worshipped dear; it comes to me in dreams, and sings again the songs it taught my early days; beats on my woman's heart, and wakes my sleeping soul to all that's highest, holiest, noblest, best there is in life, and bids it go. *Percy!* *Percy!* I must be true to that or false to God!

P. Cousin! cousin! I will say no more! We part! 'Tis not for me to say your way is wrong; 'tis not for me to say my way is right. That duty is the sword's. The sword now drawn must point the law of right

unto us both—to both decide the wrong. [*Takes h.r hand.*] We part. 'Tis hard to think it should be so—to think that war should come and make us foes—foes.

B. No, no, Percy; not foes—not foes. No, no. Thy soul denies it now that w.r.d—that hateful word that calls us foes! My blood thy foe? No, no; not foes, Percy, not foes. Foes it cannot be.

P. Foes, it cannot be! [*Embraces.*] It cannot be! We must and will be friends! Yes, yes; we will be friends; the time must come; the day will come. Look up, look up; the day will come; these wars will pass away and peace will come and you will come and live with us in peace. Look up, look up; the day will come—eyes speak it now, foretell the coming truth. The world to-day may name us, call us foes.

B. No, no, Percy; not foes.

P. The world one day will see us, swear us friends! Look up, Cousin, look up. Hark! [*Distant bell rings.*] There goes the train, come, we'll say the word good bye and part.

B As friends? [*Shakes hands.*]

P. The best of friends.

B. The best of friends. [*She places in his hand a letter.*]

P. Good bye. [*Aside.*] To Harry. [*Aloud.*] What, tears again? There, come, I'll with you to the train; come. It tears my very heart to part our hands. Come. [*Exit R.*]

RUSSELL with cane and CHARLEY with paper—enter “Left”—R. wears gold spectacles with glasses blue and gray.

Russell. Going to enlist; are you? Enlist, well, well, I declare you are one boy.

Charley. Yes; going to *enlist*. That's the word with the bark on now.

R. Word with the bark on; is it? But Charley, I can't part with you, now. Business won't allow it; you mustn't go.

C. Oh. I only came to tell you I was going, Mr. Russell.

R. Oh, indeed, is that all? and you're quite sure, now, you're going? Think you're fit? How old are you now; how old?

C. Old enough to “fit,” my Uncle says.

R. Charley, Charley, you were never made for a soldier.

C. You said one day I was never made for a clerk.

R. Charley, I'm opposed to your enlisting, and all enlisting; this present wild hub-bub of enlisting—its going to ruin the whole trade and business of the country; that's the long and short of it. Look at it yourself; you can't collect a dollar of debt South, not a dollar, not a cent, and see the merchants failing here, there and everywhere, and every day. Look at it—think of it. Why don't they settle the matter?

C. Settle. Who—the South?

R. No; the North—Congress. Why don't they settle politics; why don't they compromise and not allow it to drift into war? They can

do it—do it in a day. War, war, Charley, 'tis awful to think of such a thing. Brother against brother, shedding each other's blood. Charley, Charley, you don't know what you're doing—enlisting. You're only exasperating the South.

C. Exasperating the South by enlisting! Can't help that, Mr. Russell; I must act on principle.

R. Principle? But there is no principle about enlisting to shoot people, Charley. Principles belong to business. You must "live and let live" in this world.

C. Oh, but there is a principle about it—oh, yes, a great principle about enlisting to shoot people when people are enlisting to shoot you—a great principle—opposition. Opposition you know is the life of trade. I stand by that. Live and let live is very well in this world, and "shoot and let shoot" is very well also. I'm not the man to stand still and be shot at without remark.

R. Such a principle! When will it end? Where will it end?

C. End when the business ends. I don't undertake to say where.

R. No, you don't undertake to say where—you go ahead and never mind the where or whereafter.

C. Of course I'm free to go.

R. Free to go? Yes, of course you are, Charley. But to come here and persuade me about the principle of your going is not to be thought of. I don't believe in it. You have a wrong idea about your own welfare and the welfare of the country at large. Satisfied with your salary? Eh—not going on that account?

R. No, no; salary has nothing to do with it, Mr. Russell. No, I gave my word if one more fight took place I'd go enlist; and since this fight at Baltimore I can't but keep my word.

R. Sorry I am, Charley—sorry, actually sorry.

C. Oh, I'm sorry some myself, but go I must. Enlist's the word now. Yes, I must leave. I suppose, Mr. Russell, when my time is up and I come back my place is still good for me, is it, or how is it about that? It will all be o'er in sixty days—the war.

R. Sixty days? Charley, if you are going to have a war at all, sixty days will never see it begun.

C. That's the calculation North, to lesson them in sixty days.

R. But the North don't know how the South will fight.

C. Oh, but they're game to learn.

R. But they can't learn in sixty days?

C. They can learn something, oh yes.

R. Sixty days—sixty days? Well, well, if the war's over in sixty days, and I am still in trade and business why [aside] (I like Charley—he's an honest clerk)—why, yes, I'll make your place all right and good. But still I hope the trouble all will end without a war—without a war—in less than sixty days.

C. No, no; that can't be now, Mr. Russell, The South is dead in earnest—mean business—war.

R. Charley, the South wants peace—free trade's their business.

C. [Going R.] Oh, but they're enlisting for war.

R. [Going R.] But, Charley, it's the like of you that's exasperating them on. The south mean well. You don't understand their aim.

C. [Aside.] (I'll learn it soon, I suppose) You're going my way, are you? [Going R.]

R. Well, yes, yes, I'll go a piece of the way with you. Now, Charley, if salary has anything to do with your going, I mean staying—[Exit R.]

[Exterior of J. COOK's house, Gettysburg—the porch side, lattice work, steps, &c., MISS C. and JENNIE, friend of the family, seated on the rustic bench, sewing stripes, &c., for a U. S. flag.]

Mary. And so your father likes the Boston preacher; does he?

Jennie: Yes; father likes him very well—just the man for us, he thinks.

M. Just the man and no mistake. Never, never, Jennie, I never heard his like in all my Presbyterian days—never. I declare the way he preached last Sunday morn against tarnation rebels roused my inner-woman so I nearly up and cheered. Yes.

J. Yes; he's just the p eacher for the times, I think.

M. That's it, Jennie, for the times. We don't want men to mount their high-horse now-a days and preach to us of old Noah—do we? And Jonah and Balaam—do we? Those old anti-deluvian patriots—we don't want that; do we? None of us. No, we don't. I know we don't.

J. No, no; we don't want that I think—no, not now.

M. No, not now. He's just the preacher we've been waiting for and watching for for years, and I like his looks. There's something fresh about his looks.

J. Yes; he's quite good looking, too.

M. And good as all he looks, I do believe, and loyal.

J. Oh, my, yes; true-blue unto his finger nails. Indeed I heard to-day that he, himself, was going to enlist. Yes.

M. I shouldn't wonder if he would—not a bit. It's in him. [Pause.]

J. Dear me, so many men enlisting. I don't know what'll happen us if men keep going off this way.

M. But what if the men stay at home, what then? Sure some must go and fight those yelling rebels there at Washington—if not they'll blow it up. You don't want that to happen, I'm sure.

J. No, I don't want that to happen—no. But think so many going now and all the best.

M. Yes; think. But think again, they'll not be long away; not more than sixty days. No time at all.

J. Oh, sixty days! That will never see them back again. Indeed I don't believe a year will see them back from war.

M. A year! Why, Jennie, dear, a year of war would ruin us; a year of war—a year. You say that, Jennie, to the young men they'll think you have no gumption at all.

J. Well, well, we'll see in sixty days who's had enough. You know and I know too, the South mean fight and can.

M. And what of that? I hope you don't think, now, the North can't fight—you don't think that—do you?

J. I don't. But where—tell me—are the officers North? Good ones I mean. We have none worth a-talking of—not one. That's what I look at, Mrs. Cook.

M. That's nothing, Jennie, our men will fight and make themselves officers, and good ones too. That's what I look at, Jennie. [Pause.] Yes, yes, Jennie, we've got the men to fight and we've got the flag to fight under, and if we don't make those tarnation rebels hallo enough. [She runs the needle into her finger.] Oh! murder—

J. In sixty days? [Looking up.] Why, what's the matter? Oh, the blood! Mercy! Keep it off the flag, whatever you do. Oh! dear, the blood!

M. Why, think that blood will spoil it? There, I guess I'll have to go and bind that up now with something. I'll be back presently [Exit house.]

J. Yes, yes; be back again. Don't run away for that. [Looks at stripe.] Dear me! There's blood upon that after all—shaped like a cross—a cross. Some meaning now in that. I wonder what? [Pause.] Something. Well, well; no matter now. [Kisses it.] 'Tis there and let it go, and where it goes our loyal hearts go with it.

Charley. [Entering 3 L., blue blouse, &c.] Good morning, Jennie. Good morning this morning! Know me? You don't!

Jennie. [Shaking hands.] No, no, Charley! Charley! And a new blue suit! Glory! Present, arms! Charley, you look grand—big! Stand off a piece! Well! well!

C. [Turns and paces.] Think the blouse isn't too high up?

J. No, no—not a bit. It sets you off.

C. I think it's too small in the back. Look.

J. Oh, the back is nothing to mind; it's the front we must look at. It will do, Charley, first rate.

C. Think so? But there are no pockets for my hands. See?

J. Oh, you must fight with your hands, Charley—not stick them into pockets.

C. Yes, I know—I know, Jennie. But—

J. You are not going to a picnic now, remember.

C. But I feel so confounded awkward, Jennie!

J. Oh, awkward's nothing! It will do you, Charley—do you till you get to be an officer. Then you can have pockets all 'round you—as many as you like.

C. Do I look awkward from there?

J. Yes, a little. But that is natural just now. You'll get over looking awkward after a while. The first or second fight will scare all that out of you. Come, never mind "the awkward" now. Sit down and talk to me—come. I suppose you have heard of this—the coming flag—have you?

C. [Sits by her.] Yes, Harry told me of it. How is it coming on?

J. [Sewing.] Oh, so, so—nearly finished. Here's the last stripe—thirteenth. [Color red.]

C. Good for the thirteenth. [Looks at it.] The boys will feel quite proud of this, I know. But where's the rest of it? inside?

J. Inside. Don't tell them, Charley, of it, 'cause we want to give them a surprise. See?

C. A surprise! Oh, dear! you do, eh? A surprise! Oh, bless your wit, I'll never tell them!—no, never! never! never! Mum's the countersign! [Tries to kiss her.]

J. Come, Charley, no skirmishing.

C. I'm not the one to take and tell, Jennie!

J. [Points needle at him.] No skirmishing—never! never! You do, and I'll charge on you! How does that look from there, awkward? Oh, come, sit down, Charley; don't go away. Oh, no; come, sit down—yes, come—there. You told your boss about your going to enlist, I suppose—did you?

C. [Sitting down] I did. What do you think he said?

J. Oh, I can't tell. Some sentimental thing, I guess.

C. Very sentimental—yes! He said this wild hubbub of enlisting North was so exasperating the South he couldn't collect a dollar of debt—not a cent—not one. And if it keeps on this way it's going to ruin the whole trade and business of the country.

J. Dear, me! Nothing about ruining the rebels of the country?

C. No! no! He's for peace. Peace and compromise—compromise and peace. No shooting—he wants no fighting. Indeed, for all I know, he may have Quaker blood in him.

J. If a person could only see it—!

C. Yes, if a person could only see it—he might tell. But I'm afraid "if" is not possible.

J. No; not so long as he has Quaker debts. [Pause.] It seems to me, Charley, if I were a man, "if," and the South owed me money, I'd go—enlist, march, and fight—take it out of their hide—tan 'em! Yes, I would.

C. Yes, a body could square up that way. But Thos. Russell's not the body. No, he's not that *stripe* of a girl—couldn't be. [Pause.] No, not even for sixty days.

J. Yes, that's what I would do in a minute, I think.

C. Thomas, he's different—he's all for peace out and out—peace at any price. He may, indeed, have conscientious scruples on the subject war. I don't know; he may have; I can't tell.

J. Conscientious debts I guess. That's where the slipper pinches, Charley.

C. Yes some, I suppose. But then he hinted some to me about a salary-raise if I would stay. [Pause.]

J. Well, that's exasperating, I must say.

C. He did—oh, he's death on peace—on that only. Yes, he'll do anything to beat the war business.

J. Yes, do anything to heal these bleeding southern debts. Oh, it's a clear case of conscience, Charley—shoddy conscience—an exasperated shoddy conscience. That's it—nothing else. Why, anybody with half an eye can see it is. [Pause.] If I had been you, in your place, Charley, I would have cried some 'cause I couldn't take the salary conscientiously. [Pause.] I would, some.

C. There, there now, Jennie, don't talk that way. There are plenty worse in town than he is—a great deal worse, a great deal.

J. I know. [Aside.] Worse in debt, may be.

C. He's wrong about the war, I know. But think of his age—make some allowance for that—give some margin to old fogies always.

J. Yes, yes; I know, for conscience sake. [Pause.] Well, well, we'll talk of something else—yes, talk of you, will we?

C. You? yes, you, if you like, go ahead.

J. [Pause.] Well, of you. How about a likeness now in that exasperating suit?

C. Likeness, mine? in this suit? Well, I declare.

J. I would so like it, Charley. I'm in earnest.

C. Likeness! Why, Jennie, I thought that heart of yours wouldn't need such trumpery now—now that I'm going away. Mine don't need yours—no.

J. But mine must have yours, Charley—yours in that new suit. See? [Pause.] What say? as a private. Yes, come, you know you may become an officer soon with buttons here and there all over you, and pockets too. Come, Charley, I want your likeness now without your hands a-sticking into pockets, what say? come, I have a secret for you.

C. Secret, secret! What is it? Mum the countersign? [Tries to kiss her.]

J. Yes, mum's the countersign [moves] when I get it.

C. [Rising.] Well, likeness it is. How do you want it taken—profile side view or full front, or how?

J. Well, mostly front, Charley.

C. Mostly front, eh? Well, front it is, or shall be, as you like it. [going.]

J. Mostly front, Charley, so as to show the hands.

C. So as to show the hands; oh, yes—I'll stand like this for it, [stands in first position of a soldier] eh?

J. Let's see—as you were, again. No, no, Charley, not quite so stiff as that, no, no. Wait, I'll show you [fixing him]. Here, bring the left hand half way up thus—so, there, right there—second button hole—see? so. There now; that position's better, I think. How is it you? feel awkward that way?

C. Well, some—not much—not a great deal—that do?

J. Let's see again—look at me square in the face, I'm not a going to shoot you. Yes, that's about the thing. Wait, wait, hold still. Oh, bend your left hand, Charley, so as to show the ring a little—so.

C. Ring? No ring there. [Shows hand.]

J. Oh, isn't there?

C. No, isn't there—see? But never mind that now, I can borrow one.

J. Borrow one? My conscience, Charley, I hope you're not going to give me the picture of a borrowed ring. Charley, Charley.

C. Jennie, Jennie—well, ring it is—as you like it—and full front you say. [Going.]

J. Yes, yes, Charley, as you were.

C. And how about the size? You're forgetting that.

J. Oh, true, the size of the ring. I am forgetting that.

C. No, the size of the likeness.

J. Oh, of the likeness—yes, yes. Well, I don't know. Charley, I don't know what size to say. [Pause.] I'll say about the size of—size of—

C. Your heart—eh?

J. Yes, Charley; or my hand. [Gives it.]

C. And what am I to have for all this you say?

J. Mum's the countersign, Charley. [Exit House.]

C. Well, well; as you like it. Bye, bye. [Exit 3 R.]

Russell. [Entering 3 left, with papers and letters.] 'Tis come at last—'tis come to us at last. They've talked, and talked, and talked of peace until they've sickened into war; and what a war it will be! It's agoing to break the business of this country all to smash!—smash!—smash [uses cane] this country? No, 'twill smash the business trade and commerce of the world—the world, and nothing less. It will—I see it, see it with my eyes shut. And what's the cause—what's the cause of it? One man says this; another that. Now I say it's money, and 'tis money! Money, money, is the sole reason of all the treason! Money! Money's in it all. Office money—that's it! [Looks at letters.] Oh, these pocket patriots! Uh-h-h-h! Halloo! What's this, eh? A letter from Baltimore? Baltimore? [Sits on seat.] I must see to this. [Opening it.] Yes, money's in it all, from first to last! These long-haired politicians say it's slavery—say slavery's the cause of the war. [Pause.]

Well, it is slavery—yes, slavery to gold! That's it! They're right! Yellow slavery—not black; that's it. Yes, dollar slavery—dollar, not human. Slavery 'tis—yes, slavery is the cause—yes. I wonder what's in this. [Opens.] Hallo! there's something now, to begin with. [Check falls out.] Eh, what's this? Money! check! cash! five hundred dollars! five hundred dollars! Well, that's the first time in my life that ever I talked of money and money appeared! Five hundred dollars, and par—gold! Oh, I must read! Who from, first? Johnson & Co., eh!—good men—the soul of honor. [Reads.]

BALTIMORE, MD., April 14, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—Please send to our address (see card enclosed) 10,000 boxes "G. D." percussion caps, and charge the same to our account. Enclosed find check \$500, par, in part of payment. Ship caps immediately by P. R. R. But if any secrecy be needed about the order, send on by "G. and T. Express," secure from observation.

Yours, &c.,

JOHNSON & CO.

To Thos. Russell, Esq.

R. Johnson & Co.! Good men—good business men—good as wheat. Five hundred dollars! Why, I haven't collected that much debt the last five months—no; and it's the whole bill nearly. Let's see. Percussion caps—"G. D.'s"—yes, yes; "G. D.'s"; I've got them—millions of them—millions—all "G. D.'s!" And now I'll go right off and telegraph an answer. That they'll look for the first thing. "G. D.'s"—very good! Yes, yes, I'll go and telegraph. Business is business—caps is caps. [Going.] If war needs business, business needs attention.

[HARRY, in blue suit, and CHARLEY enter 3 R. E. H. with paper.]

C. [To H.] Business needs attention. You hear that? Draw it mild now, Harry; don't exasperate him, and I guess we have him. Mr. Russell, good morning!

R. Good morning, Charley! good morning! How are you?

C. Very well, sir. Allow me—Capt. Harry Cook, Mr. Russell. [Bows, &c.] I have drummed you up some business, Mr. Russell, this morning.

R. Business, eh? That's something new these days.

C. Something in the way of a contract. The Captain will explain.

R. Very Good! Something in my line Captain?

H. Yes, I understand it is—percussion caps.

R. Percussion! [Hides letter.]

H. Percussion; yes, exactly—percussion. You have them?

R. [Aside.] Some trick this. [Aloud.] Yes! oh, yes, I have percussion caps—yes, yes; I have them. Yes, well?

H. Well, sir, we want 5,000. We're off right away to Baltimore this evening—have just received the marching orders.

R. Baltimore, eh; Baltimore?

H. Yes sir; Baltimore—right away to Baltimore, and through it—right through Baltimore to Washington. We go to-night.

C. Right through it or over it.

H. That's it, and now we want 5,000 caps to make an even complement of rounds. You have them you say? We mean business.

R. I have that—millions of them—millions!

H. Well sir, 5,000 we want, that is us, the government wants—and right off, quick as lightning; a straight forward business, now.

R. [Going.] Well, sir; business it is—5,000, you say?

H. Yes, sir; 5,000—5,000 "G. D's."

R. "G. D's." [Aside.] (I'll trick him.) Well, sir, "G. D's." You can have 5,000 "G. D's." Yes, sir; have five millions of them all "G. D's." Greatest of pleasure.

H. Very good, Mr. Russell—very good. But I think 5,000 this time is all we'll take—all we'll need.

R. Very good. 5,000 it is. I'll go and see about it right away. Time is money, day or night. Charley, I owe you one for this. Good day, Captain. [Going 3 R.]

H. Good day. [Aside.] You No. 1 patriot!

R. Come 'round and see me, Charley, 'fore you go. [Exit.]

C. Yes, sir; I will of course. Well, Harry, what you think of him? Loyal, is he?

H. Loyal to business I must say, but further than that I won't say. Can't judge from this just what he is. Why, any business man in town would fill such a contract now.

C. Yes, I know that, but I believe Harry it's good policy to give a contract now and then to these doubtful men. I do—so as to put them under bonds of obligation to help us. See?

H. See? Yes, I see—see through it.

C. See through it? You know he's rich (Russell); don't you? Rich as Croesus.

H. Yes, and you would make him richer; that it?

C. That's half of it. He's rich and the more of work he gets from the government the more he'll think of it. That's what I believe.

H. Of what—the riches?

C. No—of the government.

H. He will—think more of the government the more the government gives him work?

C. He will. Yes, think more of the government—that is, talk it up, create opinion, good faith and public confidence. All that and more. Perhaps in time he'll loan it money.

H. Yes. He'll support the government if the government supports him—that's it.

C. That's half of it. He's a doubtful man, Harry, and I believe a contract now and then will change him 'round and make him sound. You see that, now. [Pause.] He's rich, and riches now we'll need to push this war. We'll need the cash, Harry—cash and blood. Cash to buy the food and food to make the blood. You know that; I know you do.

H. I know that—yes, I know we'll need the rich men's riches now to push this war. But, Charley, if the sight of those stars in that old flag doesn't teach their hearts to lighten their pockets, contracts never—never will! The flag, Charley, not contracts must make loyalty.—The flag and nothing else. Cash is king in this country, Charley, but that's the power above the king. [Pause.] That's my creed, Charley. Cash must salute the flag and not the flag the cash. But I don't blame you now for trying to favor Russell. No, no—not a bit—don't think it. No, no—come along in the house, now, and have dinner. It's about ready, I guess. Come. Oh, by the way, what's the matter with his eyes, (Russell's)? Cross-eyed; isn't he?

C. No, no; he's not cross-eyed. That left eye's glass of his—the blue one. You don't dislike him on that account?

H. No, no—no—course not. But why in thunder don't he make them match in color—his eyes? The right one's gray, isn't it?

C. Yes, gray, it is. But he can't get a gray one to match—they don't last long—gray.

H. Don't last long?—oh, that's bad. Well come—dinner.

C. No, no—no dinner, Harry not to-day; I must off to half-a-dozen places now the next half hour—thank you all the same.

H. Well, all right. See Russell about that order, and hurry him up.

C. I will. Oh, where's Percy? I haven't seen him all day.

H. Percy is out of town to-day; he'll be home, though, this evening. Lieutenant Percy now. [Holds up paper.]

C. Commission, eh? How are you, Lieutenant?

H. That's the document. [Goes to house—*C. exit 3 R. E.*]

Sam. [Meeting Harry at door, shouts] Dinner, dinner, dinner!

H. Goody! Goody! Goody! Come here, Sam. [Takes in arms.] Dinner's ready, is it? So is us—and cousin Belle went away and left you, did she? Didn't bid you good bye?

S. No.

H. She didn't? That's too bad. But then she kissed you good bye?

S. No.

H. Oh, I say yes; I saw her.

S. Not this morning.

H. Yes, saw her this morning kiss you, Sam, good-bye, 1, 2, 3.

S. Where?

H. Where? Why, there, and there, and there. [Kisses him.]

S. I didn't see her.

H. Oh, I know you didn't see her; your eyes were shut—sleeping.

S. Sleeping! And didn't I wake them up?

H. No, you didn't wake them up—not a wink.

S. Is cousin Belle coming back?

H. Yes, yes; some day, some day, I hope. Come along now, we'll

go to dinner—dinner—dinner. And what will Sam do when Percy goes away to fight, and Harry, eh? Poor Sam.

S. Oh, I'll go, too.

H. You'll go, too, will you? Oh, my, that's awful. Well, dinner—dinner—dinner. Come, let's run—see who'll beat. Come. [Exit *Sam* to house.] [Drums heard.] Drums! Why, what time is it?—five? [looks at watch.] I didn't think it.

Percy [Entering in haste 3 R. E.] Oh, Harry, here you are. Why I heard you was gone. Here's something for you—Belle sends. [Hands letter.]

H. Belle sends, eh? Well, here is something for you the government sends. [Hands commission.] [Aside.] That'll surprise him, I know. [Opens *B.*'s letter.] I see Belle is determined to have the last word at any rate if not the best. She means us well, but then she's gone, gone, gone. [Touches head.] Her blood's a tyrant, domineers her head. Well, what is the last word now?—I know—what's this? Reads. [Emotion.]

Percy. [Reads Commission.] Lieutenant! Well by all the powers that be! Look Harry! Oh! Come—congratulate me. [Shakes *H*'s hand and *B*'s ring falls.] Eh—what's that? A ring? [Stoops to pick it up.]

H. [Loud.] Percy! [Takes ring and turns from *P.*]

P. Why Harry, hows this? What does this mean?

H. [Going 3 R. E., *P.* following. Away! [Exit.]

P. [Drums heard.] Oh, this will never do—parting this way—never, never. I'll follow—see him. I'll know what's in that letter, now if I die for it! [Exit 3 R. E.]

[Enter *Russell* and *Rose* discussing. 3 L. E.]

Russell. I know, sir; I know all that—but war, sir, is an evil—a tremendous evil. Why, sir, instead of this nation having a war office it should have a peace office. Yes, sir; a peace office. It's what the country wants; more argument and less artillery.

Rose. War is a great evil, Mr. Russell—true, but still 'tis evil greatly mixed with good. I know its dark side—all the horrors, miseries, sufferings it produces; I know its bright side—all the courage, faith and loyalty to principle it stirs and animates. 'Tis evil, true, but has its goodness, sir, no less renowned than peace.

R. But, sir, I would banish war; its evils—half its evils far outweigh its good.

Rose. But, sir; but, sir—we cannot banish war. No, no; our wish is not our will—we cannot banish war—war—evil, nothing from this world. Nothing we brought in the world and nothing we can banish No, 'tis here—'tis in us, in our souls and nature, and we cannot veto nature—impossible!

R. Impossible is not in reason. I cannot think it.

Rose. The cause of war is but the cause of reason; 'tis necessary to its life and truth.

Rl. Truth. But what is truth?

Rose. Aye, there's the rub—the rub the war must tell.

Rl. [Aside] Rubbish. [Aloud.] But reason, too, will tell.

Rose. It will. But what is reason?—'tis words and words and words, and man will not believe it good unless its words are read in blood. [Pause.] Man's symbol for the reason's truth's the sword. 'Tis blood confirms the truth on earth and must—'tis nature's law; 'twas Heaven's and must be man's. [Distant drum.] What's that—thunder? There, it sounds again. No, I think its drums. Drums, is it not? sir.

Rl. [Looking out 3 R. E.] Drums; yes, and soldiers, too. Here they come a marching 'round the corner.

[Sam rushes out of house, falls down, gets up and runs out 3 R. E.]

Rose. Hallo, young man, hurt? Good bones there I must say.

Rl. Yes; good legs, too. Bless my eyes, see him run.

[Citizens, crowd and Co. of soldiers enter 3 R. E. HARRY COOK enters 3

R. E. with SAM, salutes ROSE, &c., and exit to house—JOHN and wife, H. and ladies enter from house with flag: also SAM & Co.—boys dressed in paper hats, &c. Soldiers drill, J. presents flag—Picture of Washington near it.]

John. [With flag.] Fellow Citizens and Soldiers:—In behalf of some ladies of the Second ward, I have the honor now to present to you, in their name, this beautiful stand of colors—the emblem of our country's union. I will not tell the history of its past; no words need tell. It's past is here; 'tis in us, and around us—speaks unto our hearts and rules us in the patriot souls at rest beneath [points to flag] its consecrated shade. But now that past it stands in peril. A civil foe to-day, abetted by some foreign ones abroad, has drawn the sword and called in question certain of its laws and long-established rights. Soldiers, this question is to you—not words, but swords must answer it—shall that old flag still live to bless the grave of him [points to Washington] who gave it birth, or shall it not? [Pause.] Enough—I see your answer in your flaming eye and trembling lip, and I will say no more. Take it, soldiers, then, and speak that loyal answer to the foe for us, the living, and for him (Washington) the dead. Take it, and with it take its glorious past, and swear to all its foes abroad that glorious past shall still with it live on. Take it and swear to all its foes at home that those bright stars shall still shine on in union one—that this good land our fathers gave to us shall still for us and for the children of the world endure; “that this, the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.” Swear! [J. hands flag to Jennie.] Swear it, soldiers, swear—swear no other flag shall wave where that has waved before. [Cheers. Sam beats drum.]

Jennie. Take the flag—the starry banner;

Take the flag our fathers bore;

Guard it through the thick of battle—
Guard it homeward, victory o'er.

Charley. [Advances, kneels, takes flag and kisses it.]

Jennie. Guard it till the cause be conquered ;

Guard it till the truth be free :

Guard for us and coming ages ;

Guard it for the love to be.

John. [Coming down from porch.] Go, soldiers, now, and show unto the world a people mighty as their ballots free! Go, now, and teach these would-be lords at home and foreign, despots 'cross the sea, that it is wise to trust the people, and it is wise to fear. Go!

Officer. [Draws sword.] Attention, company ! &c. Left, face!

Rose. Very good! very good! [Applauds.]

Russell. Ah, yes—now ; but if they fail—

John. [To R.] They fail? Never! "They never fail who die in a great cause." Their blood may soak the fields; their bones may whiten on the hills; their forms may shrink and shrivel in the prison-pen—may waste and wither, moulder there and starve, but still their soul goes marching on!

Drums strike and company marches off with flying colors—one soldier seizes a girl's handkerchief, flings it 'round his neck—kisses thrown—SAM and company cheer—HARRY kneels and mother blesses. Curtain.

ACT SECOND. SCENE FIRST.

MRS. HETTY CARTER'S Southern home—Room R and L, latticed windows—3 doors—C. R. and L; also, tables, chairs and a small melodeon, &c. C. D. is open. OLD JOE eating with LUCY. [Both slaves.]

L. How many more cakes you gwine to eat, old man? You know how many dis har is, eh?

Joe. No, no, I'se got no taste for counting now; I'se hungry now—hungry as a possum. How is dis cake, done eh? [Hits it with knife.]

L. Done soon I guess. Dars 1, 2, 3. [Counting fingers] 6, 10 cakes for you, old man, dis blessed meal. Dats more dan de soldiers eat, dat is, old man.

Joe. Soldiers! How you know what soldiers eat? Some been here? See him eat, did you? How many cakes a soldier eats, now, how many, eh?

L. Six cakes, dats all, old man, half a dozen.

Joe. Six cakes! Dats enough, plenty nuff. Dey don't work like I does, digging de dirt and making de forts and forti'cations all de whole day, and all de whole week. Dats enough for 'em, and what's dat for me [*shows cake*] 6 nothings like that? Is dis one done, eh? tink?

L. [*Leaves table.*] If dat is'nt done, I is sure, I know.

Joe. Dis one's done better dan de last, I tink.

L. [*Putting things away.*] Don't tink it isn't last, old man—don't tink it isn't, for it am, sure.

Joe. If I eat—if I eat—if I eat 6 nothings like dat, I work myself sick, sure. [*Payse.*] Well, I'se done now, I guess. How many dat you say I eat 'fore dis one—Sixteen! eh? I believe dat last one, Lucy, give me some appetite. [*Loosens vest.*] Is dat de sure last, or is you only saying last to try me, eh?

L. Oh, eat away old man—eat till de last button goes now—I doesn't care. I said 'nough, I have. Eat away.

Joe. Sixteen! Oh, well I guess sixteen is enough. Seventeen cakes dats too much for one old man like me, eh! But dat's hard work, Loo, digging dem soldier forti'cations, down in de dirty dirt, and de old hot, sun boiling down on it. Awful, awful hard on de appetite dat.

L. Well fru eating is you? I got a—got something to show you now. [*Feels in her bosom, takes out some paper.*]

Joe. Yes I done, I guess. Well what's to show dis evening?

L. See dat paper money, how much is dat?

Joe. I see dat paper, but not de money.

L. Yes 'tis; dat's money—paper money, see de picture?

Joe. Dis har's paper, Loo, paper, no money.

L. Oh but dat is money, old man, de new money, soldier money—Yes indeed; see de picture.

Joe. What soldier say dat new money? Any man say dat's new money, lies. Dat dar's old paper, black paper, newspaper, nuffin else.

L. Dat's paper? [*Takes it.*] Nuffin else?

Joe. Nuffin but pa'er for wadding guns, nuffin. What soldier say dat money? De one eat six cakes?

L. Dat's de one, de berry one, Joe?

Joe. De berry one! eh? You know'd him? What he look like? You see him 'fore dis time, eh?

L. Dat's paper. Den its no use talking, de six soldier cakes is dough—dough Joe.

Joe. How dat dough?

L. Dat dar soldier har war Linkum soldier.

Joe. What! Linkum soldier gave you dat? De tarnal black sheep! sure him Linkum soldier?

L. [*Noise.*] Hush dar some one coming, [*whispers, kneels down and lets on to fix his leg,*] quick old man.

[*Dick Kane enters c. d., open with Mason & Johnson.*]

Dick. Hallo, hallo here, what's all this yelling about? What's the matter Joe? Wounded in the front, eh?

Lucy. Is dis de pain right dar Joe—dar is it?

Joe. No sah; dis not quite so bad as dat, dis har.

L. It's de rheumatiz sah, is touching him bad.

D. Rheumatiz, eh? Well that is bad; true enough.

Joe. Yes sah; dis dreffel digging on fortifications all de day, its a telling on me, its a telling on me.

D. Well, Joe, we can't help that now—must dig. Come, sit down, men—make yourselves at home.

Mason. Remember, Joe, it's the Yanks now are making you work so hard—not "we uns."

Johnson. Yes, Joe, it's the Yanks are making you root now.

Dick. Oh, Joe, I tell you—go and get that liniment in the stable and rub that on—that may ease you up some. You know where it is? Well, try that, and mind you put it on the outside—outside—if you don't want the Bad Man's colic. That's it; move along.

Joe. Oh, yes, sah; I put it on de outside, sure. [*Exit c. d.*]

M. His feet do 't keep step. I'll bet he's lazy. [*To J.*]

D. No, no, he's tired. Now, Lucy, you go and get us something to eat; the best you got—and hurry up. Oh, where's your mistress—out?

L. Out, yes, sah; sewing for de soldiers, I tink.

D. Well, well, hurry up, now, She'll be here soon I suppose [*loud*]. Hurry up! [*Spells it.*] E-a-t. Something to eat. I'm as hungry as a hungry alligator. We're all hungry—all of us.

L. Yes, sah, yes, sah—berry well, berry well. [*Exit R. D.*]

Mason. You know I thought I heard those darkeys talking of Lincoln as we came in.

Johnson. Yes, I thought I heard that word "Lincoln" myself.

D. No, no; liniment, perhaps, you heard.

M. No, it was Lincoln, I think, Captain.

D. They're all right; never fear. I'll trust 'em.

M. I believe in watching every black soul of them—I do.

D. Well, I don't. I believe in trusting all like them born and raised and brought up here. They'll not run off—I'll trust them and they'll stick here—stick here like old cats round a bakery. [*Lucy enters with cake—sets on table—Exit c. d.*] Why it would take one of Lincoln's regiments to drive them off this place, you know that? it would, and the Black Brigade to back them. Well, gentlemen, no ceremony—charge! [*All sit at table.*] Help yourself now; I must eat, too. How do you like 'em, these? too thin, eh?

M. Fine, fine, Captain. What will Aunt say when she comes here and sees us all eating this way?

D. Oh, Aunt'll not care; rather like it, I guess. [*To J.*] Pitch in,

Sergeant; there's work ahead to-night. Have another? Like 'em?

J. Course; I do that—nothing better.

D. Sorry, men, I can't offer you any tea for supper. But the fact is this stringent Yankee blockade has steepened the price so strong that my port-monie is tee-totally "M T." Yes, that's it—all "M T." See?

M. Yes, yes; we see the joke. But, Captain, we never drink tea for supper—never; do we, Sergeant?

J. No, not for supper. It's bad on our Southern constitution.

D. [Hands cakes.] Constitution!—yes, yes. Have another one for the constitution. I suppose you've heard the Yanks have got another grand General for their grand armee?

M. Not another?

D. Another. The cry is still they come

M. This is the third one—isn't it?—the charm.

D. Third or thirteenth—I don't know which.

M. Oh, Caesar! it's not the thirteenth—eh, Johnson?

J. No; but soon will be, the way they're advancing.

M. Who is the coming fraud? Hear his name?

D. I did hear it, but I forget what it is now.

J. 'Tisn't "Norval," of the Grampian Hills, is it?

D. No, 'tisn't Norval; no, no—not Norval.

M. West Pointer, is he? I suppose.

D. West Pointer!. Yes, he is at present. You wouldn't guess where his headquarters are to be?

J. Yes. Richmond.

D. Wrong. In the saddle.

J. What! headquarters in the saddle—modest!

D. Yes, in the saddle—saddle in by order of Major-General Wellington De Boots.

J. Hard on the saddle, that.

M. In the saddle. Why didn't he say in a balloon?

J. Oh, the people then might think he was blowing.

M. May-be he's blowing now or letting on—which?

J. May-be he's crazy now, or "letting on"—which?

M. May-be so. Well, well, well, time will tell. It's a great wonder they're not sick of the war—the Yanks, eh?—seeing so much of old General Debility—eh.

J. Oh, they'll hold out as long as their pockets do.

M. Yes; or their legs.

J. I did hear they wanted to buy up some foreign generals—Garibaldi for one. Hear of it?

M. No, I didn't. He might make things interesting if they get him.

Well, I'll swear, I don't blame the Yanks for running with their generals; do you? [To J.]

J. No, that's natural—runs in the blood.

M. I tell you the Yank prisoners hate them.

D. I tell you, men, what's the matter with their officers: this slave order of Lincoln's has demoralized them so to speak—demoralized them. Yes; it's pulled the wool off their eyes. They see themselves to-day in a glass darkly; see themselves a-warring for an idea—which they didn't enlist for (slavery)—and their Union back-bone don't stand up-right. That's the cause of their trouble and the trouble with their cause.

M. There is something in that, Captain, I think.

D. Something! That slave order of Lincoln's is a-going to run a regiment of Union officers out of that black abolition army in less than six months—mark my words—in less than six months you'll see it. That order plays right into our hands every day in the week.

M. Good as another Bull Run.

D. Why it has stopped volunteering in the North already, so newspapers state.

M. I suppose Lincoln thought his slave order would stop English recognition, eh! [Pause] What are the papers saying about that now, our papers?

D. Oh, everything but the right thing. Their heads are full of English recognition—English recognition, and they write of nothing else, and that's where they're wrong. Now men this war is a war for Yankee recognition, if I understand it, not English. That's the point at issue now, Yankee recognition. Nothing is settled or can be settled till that is settled.

J. And we must settle it, eh!

D. And we must settle it, exactly—must fight them for it—fight them till we wring it out of their heart's blood!

J. My sentiments exactly. [Slaps table.]

D. Yankee recognition, that's the point and don't forget it! English recognition! Why, I wouldn't have it as a gift—a free will offering. no.

M. England's a rich nation, Captain.

D. Rich, yes she is, Sergeant—rich and I think the richest and the meanest nation on the face of the earth. [Pause.] Don't talk her up. I hate her, hate her worse than I hate a mad dog, I do. [Pause.] Why no soldiers like her, North or South, blue or gray, and its the same thing the wide-world over. The world's sun never sets on her enemies. [Pause.] She's false to all and jealous of all—jealous and false now, always was and always will be, world without end.

M. I think she's for secession—sly of course.

D. Sly! She's the green-eyed monster of secession!

J. That's her Captain; you know her like a book.

D. That's her, that's her exactly, and yet here's a paper North, and there's a paper South that run to her and talk to her for royal favor and majestic sympathy. Yes, day after day they run after her and talk to her, and talk pretty, and pull her pretty apron-string,

and they pull and they pull, and the way they pull you would think they were "two orphans" after government pap. Yes, you would. Oh! my heart's sick of these papers North and South. Come, no more talk about them; its spoiling my appetite. Have some more cakes here. [Hands to M. and J.]

J. How about this party to-night, everything ready for the dance—the Ballet, etc., eh?

D. Everything's all ready. Yes. You two have got to act servants, supes, understand? and mind I don't want you to bring on a fight if you can avoid it, and—hark! some one coming, [goes to door C. D. open,] Aunt, I'll bet it is, I know her step. Yes, and here she is.

Hetty. [Entering C. D. with basket, &c.] Well Richard, here I am, a little late, but not too late I guess; am I? [Sees M. & J.] Oh, company with you?

Dick. Yes, [presenting,] gentlemen, my Aunt I spoke of, Sergeant Mason, Sergeant Johnson, my right hand men.

Mason. And yours also, lady.

H. I hope so, [to R.] Well, now to business, we have no time to spare; Belle will be here in ten minutes, with the ladies; we must have things in order for them. Are you all arranged? Men fixed?

Dick. Yes, all arranged—all but these two, [to M. & J.] Oh, Sergeant you may go and toilette now—fix up and set the table, I'll be with you in half a second.

H. [Looks at table.] Quite a rich supper from Richard, Sergeant.

J. Oh, its pretty fair for war times.

H. [Shows a bottle from basket.] Well gentlemen after this uproar is over, you shall see how I entertain—[pause]—but mind your "p's and q's," make no mistake—no mistake gentlemen, if you do—

M. Trust us.

J. We couldn't if we tried. [Exit R. D.]

Dick. Why, where in the world did you raise this, Aunt? What! two bottles! You didn't lose any?

H. No; two is all I called for—one for the coming guests and one for your men. But where are the men, Dick? How many have you? Is everything all right sure?

Dick. Yes, yes; everything's fixed—every man posted—ten of them up the trees outside. But about the wine—where did you get that wine? that's what I want posting on.

H. Oh, Belle got it to-day at headquarters, from some officer—some aide to the General, I believe.

H. Headquarters, eh? Sound, "Belle!" [Aside.] I must make some calls there soon. [Going.] Well, I'll go now and see the men.

H. You think they'll not show fight, Dick—the Yanks?

D. No, no; I'm pretty sure they won't—they'll not show fight when they see five to one. [Going and turns.] But, by the way, Aunt, don't

you fill them up with wine so their eyes can't see five to one—understand? If they get tight they may fight.

H. Yes, yes; I see. Well, well, perhaps I won't give them wine. I'll see Belle first, anyway.

D. Very good. We'll have them tight anyway, you know.

H. Oh, Dick, send Lucy in, will you? I think I'll send her on an errand now, and have her out the way.

D. Send Lucy in? yes. [Exit C. D. Calls.] Loo! Here!

H. Let me see now—what in the world will I talk about to these Yankee officers—I mean Union officers. Union? No; I can't talk Union, I know—can't talk one way and feel another—can't act that way; never could; I musn't try it now—no, no, no there. [Pause.] Let's see what's in this paper (*takes one*) worth talking about. What date? 7th. Telegraph news—another Union victory. Oh, yes, of course. What's in this column? Amusements—opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*; that I'll not talk of, certain. What's this long piece here about? England. All of it? Yes, all of it's about England. There, now—there's a good subject—England—very good; just the one—none better, I guess—none. Yes, I think I'll try them on that—England. Oh, here comes Lucy! [Lucy c. d., with candle lit.] Well, Loo, anybody called while I was out? any visitors?

L. No, Misses; no visitors—no ladies—no gem'men, except the two soldiers.

H. Two soldiers? What two soldiers—those two you saw here just now?

L. No, Misses; the Linkum soldiers this morning.

H. Oh, two Lincoln soldiers called here, did they? Well, what did they want? What did they say? Steal anything? I suppose so.

L. No, Misses, no, they just bought some cakes—six cakes [*feels in bosom for money*]; they didn't steel nuffin; didn't say nuffin—only de cakes was good—dat's all, Misses.

H. Yes, yes, they like good eating, I know. Never mind the money, Loo; keep it yourself; save it for Christmas. Here, I want you now to take this magazine [*hands book*] over to Mrs. Tyler's, and tell her I'm much obliged—you mind that—much obliged?

L. Yes, Missus; "much obliged." [Exit C. D.] Much obliged, &c.

H. Yes, don't forget it. She'll go now, and when she gets there she'll stay there, and "sweet heart" around for an hour or so 'fore she comes back [*goes to basket*], and now about this wine. I must keep one of these bottles for Dick and his men. I wonder if there's any difference in them. Same size I see, and—yes—same brand. Let's see, what name is that? Ireland—Ireland—very good; I'll drink her very good health.

Belle. [Enters c. d.] And so will I—health to Ireland and all her friends!

Hetty. Well, now, you like to surprise people.

B. And you like to be surprised; don't you? Yes, you do. Well, good, Hetty, now for the general surprise. How is everything here? [Looks 'round.] All right?—all! sure—sure, right?

H. Yes, Belle, all's right. I'm glad you're come. But where's your company—the Miss Hills?

B. They're here, Ida and Dela; both outside talking with Dick. How is this window now—all right? No. Hetty, we must bar this outside and inside—double bar the windows, both of them, out and in. We mustn't, Hetty, leave a loop-hole of escape. And now these tables—we must turn these tables for them. Catch hold that end now and we'll turn this one half way 'round; so, there, a little more your way. [Fixing it.] There; that's better. See? that leaves a way to the left door. We must leave them a seeming way to escape—if not they'll turn on us and fight like tigers. We'll not have blood, you know—if we can help it. You like that arrangement?

H. Yes; very good.

B. Oh, I have been planning this in my head all the day. There, Hetty is my post—that left door—the post of danger—with Dick; and now, another thing—it's a moonlight night. [Looks out.] The moon up yet? yes; see. Now when they come you must stroll with them in the garden—understand?

H. And you'll stroll, too; will you not?

B. Yes—some. But mind, Hetty, we must keep ourselves separate—understand? and keep them separate—the officers; for if they get together, you know, they may plot together and ruin everything. Remember, the good old rule: "Divide and conquer." Keep them separate till they come to supper, and then, as Dick says, we'll gobble them all up—see?

H. I see, Belle, you're a general in disguise. But how about this? [shows bottle,] are you quite sure it's wine? I see "Ireland's" on it.

B. Oh yes, that's wine—army wine, regular Head-quarter army wine—no mistake. Keep one for Dick, remember!

H. Yes, I'll remember. I never thought they had this Aide on the Staff, Belle. How do they manage to get it? They don't make it?

B. [Shows papers.] Yes they make it one way, Hetty: underground railway—free pass and double track, via "Mason-Dixon's line," see, the customary way?

H. I see Belle, but I don't understand. Let me look at those passes of yours—will you? I've heard so mu'h talk of them.

B. Certainly, inspect. [Hands them.] I always show them, when asked, which seldom is. Oh Hetty, what a story those will tell one day. But patience!

H. [Looking.] One passes North and one South—I see, what's this reading? "Good at all hours, day and night." That goes North, does it?

B. [Takes it] Yes, this bears you North, Hetty, and with the mail train. [Looks behind her.]

H. With the mail train, I see, and this bears you South, does it? with the Jersey lightning train, eh, Belle? [Smiles.]

B. Now Hetty, now Hetty, no catechism. I'll not be questioned 'fore I write that little book. Patience, you'll know all. No secrets now.

H. Write a book, will you? and you'll dedicate it to the opposition I suppose.

B. [A noise.] Hark, what's that? [Pause.] Yes, perhaps I will.

H. Do, and have it bound in sheep—will you?

B. Listen Hetty, hark! There they come. Hear their horses? That's them—ours truly. Keep cool now. Remember what we are—Neutrals all neutrals, all of us, and my new name, remember that Miss Taylor and your own too—mind that. What is it?

H. Yes, yes; Jennings—Mrs. Mary Jennings.

B. And my very good Aunt. And now the girls outside, we'll name them Hills—the Miss Hills sisters; as they are, see? All right, are we? We are—come, we'll meet them on the piazza. Remember, now, and separate them. "Divide and conquer," and be sure talk neutral, Hetty—nothing else—nothing of the Union—not a word or syllable. No, no; nothing talk but neutral—talk open fair and square—"no beating about the bush," and they are ours. Come. [Exit both c. d.]

[*Mason and Johnson enter B. D., setting table—both blackened up and in female dress—M. as "Cinderella," walks on toes—J. as "Helen," walks fast, scraping feet on floor.]*

Cinderella [Looks at table.] It won't do dat—never—it won't do. Dar wants more lights here—more candles here. More lights on de tables, more lights—you hear me, Helen? more light! does you hear, you stupid ignoramus?. More light! Go for some more light 'fore I frow a razor at you. [Picks up plate.]

Helen. [Whistling *Dixie*.] Yes, yes, Missy, I'se gwine. [Exit.]

C. I'll bet I make you light out, you sassy substitute!

Belle. [Entering with *Charley Harris* on arm.] Why, Cinderella, what's the matter? What's all this noise about? Quarreling again? Come, come; I've told you time and time again you must not—must not quarrel. What's the matter? What's wrong?

C. No quarrel, Missus; I was only scaring her, dat's all. She's bad girl, dat Helen is, some way—berry bad, berry bad dis night.

H. Well, never mind her you; I'll reprimand her.

C. [Aside.] She not crow over me—she won't.

B. [To *Chas.*] You see Captain, we have peculiar troubles with our "institution" South. [Points to *C.*] The light mulatto class will rule and domineer the others. [Touches head.] Their culture has enlightened them so much they think themselves superior clay.

Chas. I see, and consequently they believe in muscular christianity.

B. [Coughs to hide anger.] Yes, yes, somewhat. Oh! Cinderella, you go and tell Joe to attend those horses. Hurry up—right away. I was nearly forgetting them. And hurry back again. [Exit Cind. c. d.]

Chas. Those are very classic names, Miss Taylor, they own, Cinderella and Helen.

B. Yes, very. Oh! Captain, I failed to catch your new friend's name this evening, the first one introduced.

Chas. The first one, [Aside.] Jennings. She heard it well.

B. Yes, the first one, Captain Harry—something—

Chas. Oh! we are all Captains, [Pause.] all of us. The first one was Captain Harry—[Noise outside.] What's that! eh, that noise?

B. Nothing alarming—the horses neighing only. Well, his name Captain Harry—What you say?

C. Jennings, yes, Captain Harry Jennings, the first, Captain Harry Rose, the second, and Captain Charles Harris, [bows] at your service.

B. [Musing.] Jennings! Jennings! why Captain, that's the name of the lady of the house, my Aunt—her name is Jennings.

Chas. Yes, I know it is. Some relation you think?

B. No, no, no relation, no—not that I'm aware of; that is, I never heard Aunt speak of any such that's living. No, but its strange, very strange I think that those two names should come together here. Don't you?

[HARRY COOK and MRS. CARTER seen through latticed window strolling.]

Chas. Strange, Oh! no, Miss Taylor, there's nothing strange about their meeting here—that is, not very strange. Here's all the strangeness: the name of Jennings being in your invitation, [Shows letter] and Jennings being in my regiment, and my best friend, I chose to bring him with me, just you know to form an odd, strange and pleasant union in our party. That's all. You see the strangeness—in me?

B. [Pause.] I sec, just to form a pleasant union. Yes, yes; a charming idea I must say. Yes, and now I suppose if a certain Captain Taylor had been in the regiment why—why—you.

Chas. [Bows.] I would not have brought him, on my honor.

B. [Bows.] Oh, sir, you flatter my poor company.

Chas. No flattery—on my honor, no I say it—say it from the bottom of my heart—assure you if “nine Taylors” had been in the regiment, and all the nine, nine friends, I wouldn't have brought one of them—not one—no.

B. [Bows.] Oh, sir—sir—sir—sir!

Chas. Assure you I wouldn't have brought one—no.

B. [Bows.] Captain! Captain! You harass me with flattery.

Chas. [Bows.] I am not a—ble, I assure you.

B. [Waves handkerchief.] Captain, truce! You seem to flatter and you seem to please. [Bows.]

Chas. Lady Taylor, I seem to flatter when I mean to please. [Bows.] I know not seems.

B. [Aside.] You'll know it when you get the gooseberry wine.

Chas. I know not—know not seems.

B. [Waves handkerchief.] It seems you don't—truce! I do command you on your honor—truce.

Chas. Yours to command. [Takes her arm.] command you may my tongue from play.

B. [Taking arm.] You must keep your wits about your uniform Captain—if you don't I'll think you are seeming more and more.

Chas. Yes, and you must keep your arm about that uniform—if you don't I'll think you are dreaming more and more—understand, my little seamstress? Come, let us walk and talk; will we? [HELEN enters R., D. with lighted candles for table.] Look at that girl. I declare she puts me in mind of "Topsey"—"Topsey" in Uncle Tom's Cabin. You've seen that play—Miss Taylor? Look, how she glares! Very death in her eye.

B. I see. Come, Captain. I think she's frightened at your uniform.

Chas. Are you never afraid of insurrection among these slaves, Miss Taylor? I think that I would be.

B. Yes, we are afraid of that at times; but then we never show it.

Chas. Very wise. I wonder if they know as yet of Lincoln's proclamation? You think they do? They know, but never tell, I suppose.

B. They know. I've not the ghost of a doubt but they do—know all about it from first to last. [Going to c. D.] Come, Captain; if you watch her so she'll think you have come to take her off. This slavery proclamation, Captain—is there not some difference of opinion now regarding that among your officers? The papers mention something of it. How is it—fact or fiction? Of course I'm not asking, Captain, your own sentiments about the matter.

Chas. Oh, no, of course not. Well, there was some difference of opinion with them on this slavery question in the war, some time ago. But that is mostly over now. Yes, 'tis dying out, dying, dying gradually out. [Exit C. D.]

HELEN and CINDERELLA enter in and out R. D., setting table—HARRY COOK and MRS. HETTY CARTER enter C. D., also CAPTAIN ROSE, with the two MISS HILLS—these latter play at chess, table left.

Harry. I suppose, "Mrs. Jennings," we are to have some dancing this evening, are we? I see you have the music.

Hetty. We may have dancing Captain. Yes, but not before the dessert I think—fond of dancing?

Harry. Yes, in a measure fond of dancing, I am—you?

Hetty. Well no. But I'm very fond of seeing others engage in it, very fond.

Harry. But not of dancing yourself. [Looking round.]

Hetty. No, I prefer watching others at it, [aside,] especially Yanks.

Harry. There's goodly room for dancing here—the tables turned. It's on the programme—dancing?

Hetty. [Aside.] On the programme? [Aloud.] Well yes. Yes I'll say so, Captain—Miss Taylor will not object I guess. 'Tis she is in command you know. [Pause] You dance the German I suppose, like all the Northerners—Yes?

Harry. Yes, occasionally I do. But German that I'm not so fond of. Our friend the Captain is however here, [points to *Rose,*] extremely fond of it, and Captain Harris also, I believe. You fond of that yourself—that style? I mean you like to see it?

Hetty. Yes, occasionally; but generally I prefer to see our old, old fashioned home-style dances, as Reels, &c. Oh, did you ever see a Virginia Reel Captain?

Harry. Virginia Reel. [Pause.] Virginia Reel, no, no; I can't say that I ever did. No, that's past my time. Is that upon the programme now?

Hetty. [Aside.] Programme? [Aloud.] Well no, Captain, not yet. But if you wish it on, I think it can be so arranged. Miss Taylor will oblige us so far, I think. Miss Taylor's self is very fond of it—you wish it?

Harry. I really do; yes, anything for a surprise.

Hetty. Very well Captain, we'll surprise you I think. Miss Hill, Ida [points,] will play a part in this I guess, she is given to it greatly.

Harry. Very good [loud and looking at *Miss Hill,*] and if Miss Hill does not a Reel Court Martial, there will be—a'hem!

Miss Hill. [To *Rose.*] It's your move, Captain.

Rose. Yes, I know—I'm thinking.

Miss H. You really think, do you?

Hetty. [To *H.*] I guess she doesn't hear you, Captain.

Harry. No, I guess not—she's head over ears in chess.

Hetty. Oh, Cinderella—excuse me, Captain Harry. [Goes to *C.*] There is no occasion for all these lights on the table; there's not so much to show. Just look—more candles here than cakes. Take them back—the half of them—no, not the cakes, the candles. Who put these all on you? Take them off.

Cind. No, Missus; Helen put 'em on; dat Helen—Helen; she's de one. She's de wickedest black girl in de whole black world—dat girl. I never seen de like. I'll fix her for dis. [Takes two candles.] I'll make her eat dese burning hot—give her Old Harry—I will.

Harry. [To *C.*] Take care they don't slip, Cinderella.

Cind. No, sah—no slip. I never let's nuffin slip fru my hands. [Aside.] You Black Horse Cavalry butcher!

Hetty. Take them off, now, and come back for more.

Harry. Cinderella! I suppose she gets that name from her quick step. [To *Hetty.*]

Cind. Yes, sah ; quick step on de-feat. [*Exit quick R. D.*]

Harry. Quite quick on her ear, I must say.

Hetty. She's showing off this evening. When strangers come, these servants will, you know, show off their childish eccentricities—you know how it is, you'll overlook it—of course. Yes.

Harry. Yes, yes. Let's overlook our friends at chess. [*To R.*] Well, Captain, how is it—the game—so far?

Rose. Quite far one-sided. Captain.

Harry. Oh! I see it is—quite Hill-sided. Are you castled yet?

Rose. No, not castled yet.

Hetty. [*Aside.*] Castle Thunder-ed soon.

Miss II. Check, Captain.

Harry. Captain, a few more checks, and your piece is gone ; the day's against you—I mean the knight.

Miss II. Check—[*pause*—Check—[*pause*—Check.

Harry. Escaped, have you, Captain? Yes—no, not yet. [*Pause.* Chess works wonders. [*Pause.*] I'm thinking, Mrs. Jennings, of the games that Morphy played in England. Remember them? Some years ago—those blind-fold games?

Hetty. Yes, I remember. They quite astonished England—those blind-fold games. He's still in England, is he—Morphy?

[*BELLE and CHARLEY seen through latticed window seated in moonlight.*]

Harry. No ; I understand he's South, in the army.

Hetty. Southern army, is he? I was not aware of that. [*Pause, looking at chess.*] I'm thinking, Captain, now, if England likes his war as years ago she liked his chess. About the same, I guess.

Harry. About the same, I guess. [*Pause*] Yes ; the war is like the chess—she likes it and she don't like it ; that's it in plain English—she likes it and she don't like it.

Hetty. She is what is called neutral, it seems.

Harry. Neutral! Yes ; it seems she's so called. And neutral she is—oh, yes, decidedly neutral in war—very! Why, she's as neutral, England is, as "'af-and-'af." Neutral in war? Why, she couldn't—do her very best—England couldn't like it more than she don't like it. She couldn't ; it's impossible, actually impossible for her to like war more than she don't like it. And why? 'Cause she's neutral. [*Pause.*] Oh, I'm in earnest now—terribly! There's no two ways about me ; don't think it.

Hetty. This word "neutral" is a figure of speech, is it not?

Harry. Figure of speech! Well, yes ; it is a figure of speech—a political figure. Yes, and it amounts to a great deal, politically. "Neutral!" Oh, it describes England, beautifully—almost poetically.

Hetty. You like the word?

Harry. Like the word—I? Serious, are you asking? Like it. You doubt it? Doubt I could like it more than I don't like it—neutral?

Oh, come, you mustn't know the meaning of it? [Pause.] Come, Mrs. Jennings, do you?

Hetty. Well, no; I confess I don't know the full meaning.

Harry. Wonderful!

Hetty. [Aside.] He'll know my meaning of it soon.

Harry. Neutral. It is the richest word in the English language—a jewel—actually and positively there's not another word can stand comparison with it in sense—none excepting England. That has seven letters like it. But that is nothing now.

Hetty. Nothing as to the meaning.

Harry. Nothing as to the meaning of neutral. No. Well—its meaning. England is neutral, so-called. Now the motto of England, you remember, is "Evil be to him who evil thinks." You understand? That's the neutral's motto.

Hetty. [Emotion.] Yes, yes; "evil be to—" Yes, yes. [Aside.] (By Heaven, that cuts me to the heart. He thinks no evil, and I—I—I. Courage now, I mustn't give way so; no, no. [Coughs aloud.] Yes, yes; Captain, I know—I know of that. Proceed.

Harry. Yes, that's her principal motto—"Evil be to him who evil thinks." Understand principle.

Hetty. Yes, Yes; Captain Jennings, I know—I know that.

Harry. Why, what's the matter? You look very pale; not ill, are you? Come, a glass of water. [Goes and brings some.] Yes take some—will you. There. [Pause.] Bless me! How pale your looks.

Hetty. [Aside.] God save his life. [Drinks.] There, Captain, I'm all right again I guess. Thank you.

[DICK peeps in at left door—JOE through latticed window on R.]

Harry. Evil's all gone—has it? Yes, you look your own fair self again. Eyes bright as ever. Mercy! how they did frighten me. Well all's well. We were talking about neutrals.

Hetty. About England, Captain—England.

Harry. Yes, about England, exactly, which is the same thing nearly. Where was I? Well, to begin again: Seven letters are in neutral, seven in England and seven words in the evil motto—"evil be to him who evil thinks." See? Everything is "sevenly" about it. But that's nothing—no account now—only another figure of speech.

Hetty. Only a figure of speech—a weak one.

Harry. That's all. But now the seventh root of the seventh idea in this sevenly motto—"evil be to him who evil thinks," is money—money—money—money, money, money, money, that is money seven times, or seventy times seven, either way, no difference to us just now which; it is still money. [Pause.]

Hetty. I See. [Aside.] So far so good for my neutrality.

Harry. It is still money—money is the essence of it. See? Money is in the root of the evil motto, because the root of all evil is money—a figure of fact—(Bible fact.) Now money being in the root of the motto

and England being neutral, it figuratively follows that the evil *meaning* of the neutral motto is, in accordance with the no one fact, so and so. "Money be to him who money thinks." [Pause.] That's all.

Hetty. "Money be to him who money thinks," that's the meaning of neutral, is it? So.

Harry. That's the neutral's meaning through her motto.

Hetty. [Aside.] Thank God I'm not English. I don't want his life or his money either.

Harry. You like the picture—the royal lion figure head?

Hetty. Yes, It's quite logical, almost decalogical. But Captain, is it not the *love* of money, is the root of all evil—not money itself?

Harry. The *love* of money, yes, the love of money is the root of all evil, true yes—fair and true. But you know the royal motto thinks about what it loves. So "the *love*" in the motto doesn't change the sense, only the sound; nothing else. You think it changes the sense—*love*?

Hetty. No, no, I guess not.

Harry. Think it good so far as goodness goes—the motto?

Hetty. Yes, so far as neutral goodness goes. [Pause.]

Harry. Think we'll remember it a hundred years, if we live?

Hetty. Yes, I think I will, if living!

Harry. Well I'm *bloody* sure I will. Oh, excuse me; come let's talk of something else, I see I can't talk Parliamentary now. [Picks up paper.] What's in the paper? New York paper, eh? Yes, and here is something about England in this I see, of course, why not? and here's another story about that victory of ours, last week! So, so; it's full of war news, this—I wonder if these papers ever think about the troubles we soldiers undergo to make this news. No, I guess not! Think they ever do, Mrs. Jennings?

Hetty. Oh yes, I guess so, Captain—pretty sure they sometimes think of you. [Aside.] I wonder what they're thinking now?

Harry. What's here, "Amusements." Opera of Lucrezia Borgia. You see that opera ever, Madam?

Hetty. [Rising.] Oh yes! [Coughs near L. D. D. peeps in.] Several times, oh yes; but not lately.

Harry. That song, "'Tis better to laugh than be sighing." Hallo, Charley, what's the countersign, what's up?

Charley. [Entering c. d. in haste] The best compliments of Miss Taylor to the best one who finds her best fan. [Looks for it. The door c. d. closes.]

Harry. Well now her best fan.

Hetty. Fan! That's the signal all is ready. I must—[She pretends to look for fan, rings a bell then breaks a plate—a noise outside.]

Chas. Hallo! what's in the wind, now? Eh. [Goes to C. D.]

Harry. Perhaps the fan, Charley. [Noise.] What is that?

Chas. Why the door's locked, Harry—locked. Some treachery here. Look to yourself. [*Trys L. D.*]

Harry. Treachery! What—what! Madam, Madam, what does this mean? What does this mean?

Dick. [*Enters L. D.*] Means. Why gentlemen it means you are all poisoned. I mean prisoners—prisoners!

[*Muskets point through both latticed windows, R. & L.*—*Ladies scream—Commands given outside—“Halt—front—bring up your men, Captain—double quick, double quick—watch that right door—halt, there—steady men.”*]

Johnson. [*Enters R. D., white face, lifts dress, points pistol.*] How are you, Cinderella? Beauty and booty.

Mason. [*Enters same, points at Chas.*] How are you, Topsey? [*Mounts table.*] Think I look like Topsey now, eh—do I—much? [*Points to Rose.*] Whose move is it now, Cap?

Harry. [*to himself.*] Betrayed, betrayed! Oh, shame—shame!

Johnson. [*To Harry.*] Slip off those beautiful Cinderella spurs.

Mason. [*To Chas.*] And you too, Topsey, off with yours! We'll have a real Mississippi fling—come—off!

Voice. [*Outside.*] “All quiet on the Potomac.”

Dick. [*To M. and C.*] Cover your man Sergeant—cover your man!

Harry. [*Draws sword—to Dick.*] Who are you, sir?

Dick. [*Shakes sword.*] Your superior officer!

Harry. You lie! [*They fight—Ladies scream—H. knocks the sword from D. and is about to cut him down when BELLE enters L. D. and shoots H. in left arm—sword falls—B. faints—DICK catches.*]

Belle. Harry! Harry! My Harry! Our Harry, Dick—our Harry. [*Faints.*]

[*C. D. opens and shows Southern soldiers with Rattlesnake flag—Curtain.*]

ACT SECOND. SCENE SECOND.

[*Streets of Richmond—time night—Theatre Bill Posted on corner.*]

Black Joe. [*Enters R. with shovel, &c. Basket and tin cup.*] Here I is, come away down to Richmond to dig some more fortifications—more fortifications! Yes, it's dig, dig, dig de whole day—dig, dig, dig de whole week—Sunday or no Sunday, it's dig, nigger, dig. One week all time I dig fortifications way up over dar [*pointing*], den de Linkum soldiers come dar and 'gin to frow rotten shell and knock 'em all to pieces. Den I fix 'em up—den dey knock 'em down—fix 'em up, knock em down—one, two, free times. Last week I dig some more over dar on James River and den de gun boats come and frow'd dar rotten shell and knocked 'em all to pieces—all to nuffin. And dar it goes on—a digging and digging, and knocking about har and fixing about dar—no rest dar is for me; it's dig, nigger, dig. I'se tired dis day all fru me;

Fru and fru me me dar's not a whole bone in de right place. [Stretches up.] Dis-dis-dis digging's gwine to fix me soon I know. It's a tellin' on me right smart now. [Noise on right.] Hello! Hello! Who dat? Soldiers! Yes—dar's soldiers coming,—coming dis way, too. I guess I move on, if dey hear me tinking of myself dey give somefin to tink about. Come ahead, Joe; dar's a good time a coming, dar's a good time coming. [Exit L. E.]

Mexico. [Enters R. ornamented dress "Zouave."] Ho, dar! Stop dar, you colored man—you—you! I want dat tin cup. Stop, dar! Stop, dar! Quick, dar, stop! [Exit walking lame L.]

[Mason and Johnson enter R. slightly high, Spurs on, &c.]

J. Well, the Yanks have got into Richmond? Eh, boy; what?

M. Got into Richmond; "changed their base." Eh, boy? I wonder what they think of the opera now, and all the stars—what?

J. Yes, and the opera ball and bell—What?

M. And the opera spurs—What? [Kicks up heels.] I wonder if they're real silver. Eh, boy?

J. Perhaps they're secesh bone. Eh! Might be.

M. Oh! I'll bone 'em for good any way or no way. You like mine? Too tight you think?

J. No, no—no—fit's splendid

M. Splendid fit to get 'em. What? Bet? Who was that fellow fit Dick so? He's a regular, regular brick,

J. That fellow fit Dick? Jennings. Oh! no, his right name's Cook, He's a relation of Dick's Cousin, they say.

M. Cousin, is he? That's so? I thought there was some Southern blood about that fellow. Now there's some fun fighting fellows like him. Eh?

J. Yes. They say now Dick's a going to be promoted for this affair the other night. You hear about it?

M. No. Is he? Good, good, double good! Glad of it! He'll do the good thing for us, he will. I 'know Dick—Dick's a man—man for us.

M. Yes, they're going to make a Major of him.

J. Major Dick sounds well, well enough. He's won it. Eh! A good trick, that—that moonshine party. What! Eh? Bet? I wonder Johnson, how they'll take it North, when they come to read about it. Eh? What do you think?

J. I think they'll take fits in the White House.

M. I guess so. Bet they'll stop bragging about their Yankee brain for a while. Eh, boy? [Looks round.] Where are we now, Johnson? Where are we going any way? Do you know? Can you tell? Are we getting lost or getting drowned, or what? What street's this? Eh?

J. Oh! All right, all right, I know where we're going; where we are and where we ain't. Come along, this is King Street. Yes.

We're all right, we are. [Distant fire bell.] Eh, what's that? Fire bell? Yes, 'tis.

M [Looking at theatre bell.] Eh, what's that? Theatre? Yes, 'tis. Let's go to theatre—what say? Theatre somewhere 'round here, eh? Come on.

J. There's a fire bell, Mason; hear it?—hear?

M. Fire bell? No, it isn't—is it? No; that's a theatre bell. Yes, it is—sounds like it.

J. No; no fire bell that—I know it. The niggers are getting their work in now. Every Southern victory there's a nigger illumination. There, come on, Mason, now; get your pass ready. Where is it? That Provost guard will be out now. Got it? Feel for it till you get it—don't give it up.

M. [Feeling in pockets.] I can't give it up till I get it. That it? [Shows pass.] Eh? Look; I can't see right; my head's a-dancing 'round like a top. [Pause.] Is it? [Holds head down.]

J. Yes, that's it; all right. Here, put it in your right vest pocket, and brace up now, Mason. Come, brace up more. I'll swear you look like a Brigadier under arrest. Come up.

M. I do—do I? Like a Brigadier! [Pause.] The other night I looked like Topsey, eh? didn't I? Topsey! You mind that Yank said I looked like Topsey, eh? [Pause.] Mind him?

J. Yes, I mind him. Oh, that's nothing. Now come along. That fellow just wanted to get a "rig" on you for his girl that night, Belle. He was a little spoon-struck about her, you know. [Going L. E.]

M. Yes, I know he was. Darn his pictures, anyway! [Pause.] Do you know, Johnson, I would like to shoot that fellow? I would—I wouldn't want to kill him, you know; but I swear I would like to hurt his feelings—bad—bad! [Exit L. E.]

ACT SECOND. SCENE THIRD.

*Libby Prison—Interior; a "look-out window" on right—Box near it; iron-barred door on left—Stone wall 'round sides of it; a rough bed, straw, blankets, &c., in center—Men pass in and out R. & L.—Some play cards, &c.—One man shams sickness sleeping on trap door on left—**HARRY COOK** on bed, wounded in left arm—Attended by **MEXICO**, &c.—**JERRY** on the look-out box.*

Charley. Well, Doctor, what do you think—think he'll come 'round in time?

Mexico. Yes, sah, yes, sah; he'll come 'round in time. Yes, sah; he'll fight again, sure. [Fans H. with cap]

Chas. Think he'll fight again; do you? Well, well.

Mex. Yes, sah; sure—he'll fight again; one star's nuffin to him—nuffin. No sah; dat man he'll fight and fight and get stars all over him—sure. Yes, sah; sure.

Chas. Stars all over him. [Aside.] He must mean scars. Think he'll not die this time?

Mex. Die! Never say die. No, sah—no die. He'll never gib up de ghost dis time; no sah. He not tinking about dying, now; no, sah—he's tinking about fighting—fighting, fighting, all de time; fighting till his old flag is above dis pen and slaves all free to bless it. Yes, sah; dat's him.

Chas. Yes, yes. So you think, Doctor, this war is for the slaves; do you? I thought it was for the Union.

Mex. Union. Yes, sah; de war is for the Union and de Union's slaves, too—both—dat's my 'pinion sah. Some tink dis and some tink dat but as far as I tink I tink its for both. Yes, sah, both.

Chas. [Puzzled.] Yes, yes; both, eh? [Pause.] Well, you think it's more for the Union or more for the slaves? The war.

Mex. Its about two to one, sah; about two cheers for the Union and one for de slave. Yes, sah; two to one—two to one. Here come de one man I want to see; I got now somefin good for him, sure.

Rose. [Enters R., hands tied up—to C.] Well, how is Harry now. Sleeping yet, is he?

Chas. Yes, sleeping yet. Oh, he'll wake all right I guess.

Rose. [Going to trap door.] Oh, yes, I hope so—I hope so. Well, I'm down to work again. Hello, here, Cerebus! [To man on trap.] Wake up and open up.

Mex. [To Rose.] Oh, Captain—you talk about a digging ting de oder day, sah; a digging ting to dig dirt—a knife, or fork or someting like dat, sah? I tink so.

Rose. Yes, I did wish for that one day. Why, got any?

Mex. Yes, sah; I hab dat. I hab de instrument of war, sure. [Stoops and takes a bent up tin cup from heel.]

Rose. Where is it? What is it? Knife? Let's have it. Is't big? The bigger the better. [Pause.]

Mex. No, sah; no, sah; no knife dis—no, sah. I show you soon. To-day I see old black fellow walking 'long de street wid dis har—wait, I show you—dey called him Joe—yes, Joe gib me dis. I show you. [Pause.] Yes, I coaxed and I coaxed, and I got dis har—dis har—dar it is. [Shows cup.] I coaxed dat out of him. Yes, sah, coaxed old Joe, and old Joe give me dat for nuffin, too.

Rose. A cup! Hail Columbus, Captain, look here—a cup! A prize cup. Shake hands for old Joe. [To Mex.] I wonder if I can bend that back. [Bends it.] Yes, there it is. Good, Doctor, you ought to have a medal of honor.

Chas. Why, Doctor, how did you get that? Old Mother Hubbard?

Mex. No, sah, no, sah; from old black fellow—old Joe. Yes, sah; old Joe—Joe Hubbard—meb be. (To R) What you tink, Captain, dat pretty good?

Rose. Good! Good as gold, and better, Doctor, better. [Goes to trap.] Oh, if I had only had this a month ago! Well, no matter now. Now for the mine—the contraband mine. Come, Cerebus—“Open see-sham.” [Soldier jumps quick off trap-door. *R. half way down, shouts to Jerry at look-out window.*] Oh, Jerry! Do you see any soldiers about that wood-shed now—there on the left? Look sharp.

Jerry. On the left! No sir, devil the soul of a sojer there now. I saw some a while ago there; but they are off now, all of them.

Rose. All right. Well I’m down, Captain, and [Waves cup] and if I don’t get you men out of this here old pen in less than a week, I’m a—I’m a mudsill. [Exit trap.]

Man. Shut! “See sham!” [Resumes sickness on trap—groans, &c.]

Jerry. Go it you old rat, and luck wid you. [Looks out.] Troth there’s a fellow now taking a big box into that shed. Call him back. No, never heed; I see the fellow is out again—never heed. Well that’s the big dozen boxes in that shed this day—if it’s one. I’m thinking, now it’s powder it is them. The devil know’s but they may blow us up and call it an accident.

Chas. Oh, no Jerry; don’t imagine the worst. No powder boxes them.

Mex. No, sah, nō, sah; no powder boxes dem—no, sah; dem soldier boxes—christmas’ soldier boxes. Yes, sah; all for us—all full of good-things—all full—so dey say:

Jerry. Good things, eh! I say good to you—sorry good they’ll do us.

Mex. No powder in dem. No, sah. Well, now I’ll show you somefin is good. Let’s see first anybody coming. [Looks through door.] Somefin good. [Unbuttons coat.] Mighty good thing.

Chas. What is it now? Something to eat? Cakes, eh?

Mex. No, sah; nuffin to eat—nuffin to eat dis time—no cakes—no, sah. You know dat boy died last night—dat—what’s de name—what’s de name? [Pause.] I can’t tink.

Jerry. He means Wilson, Captain. He’s gone.

Chas. Wilson gone. That so? Is he dead? [To *Mex.*]

Mex. Yes, sah; Wilson, dat’s de one—Wilson gone and died, and buried dis morning. [Looks around.] Somefin on dat boy, Captain—somefin on dat boy. Know dat?

Chas. Something on him, was there? Well, out with it—what was it?

Jerry. I guess he means the small-pox, Captain.

Mex. No, sah! no, sah! No small-pox! no, sah! I show you [Pulls out U. S. flag from breast.] See dat? see dat? Dat’s de small-pox!

Jerry. By the blood of Santa Anna! (Dances on box.)

Chas. Stop, Jerry, stop; you’ll waken Harry. What do you mean? There, hide it, Doctor; put it away—quick, quick.

Mex. See dat? Dat's de small-pox; dat's de small-pox dat was on him; dat's de kind—dat's de kind dat no one take—no, sah; not from him. Not living—no, sah. Wilson good man; yes, sah—sure.

Chas. Stop, Jerry, dancing; stop, stop, stop. There, hide it Doctor—hide it away there; that's it, good man.

Mex. [Puts it in bosom.] You see dar? Dar's a piece off de corner—dar—see? Dat piece's gone to Wilson. Yes, sah. I tore a piece right off dar and put de piece right on his heart. Yes, sah—sure.

Jerry. [Pause.] Well, that's the greatest old greaser of a Cæsar ever I did see.

Chas. You tore a piece off and gave it to Wilson, did you?

Jerry. [Dances.] Hush! hush! The guard's a hollering something. [Looks out.] What are you talking about, Johnny?

Voice. [Outside] What am I talking about? [Pause.] What are you dancing about, eh?

Jerry. Oh, I'm dancing about to keep my feet warm. [Pause.] He's looking. Have you any new news, Johnny?

Voice. What about Bull Run? Do you mind?

Jerry. [To Chas.] You hear him? He's bellowing Bull Run at us.

Chas. Tell him, Jerry, about Cow Hollow. Give it to him.

Jerry. I will. [Speaks slow.] Do you mind Cow Hollow?

Voice. Cow Hollow? No; I don't mind Cow Hollow.

Jerry. Don't mind it? You don't mind that place by the railroad we tripped you up with a telegraph wire and pitched you in the last ditch—you don't?—a whole brigade of you. You don't mind?

Voice. No; I don't mind that, Irish.

Jerry. No, you don't mind that; I know you don't, rightly—oh, no. But you mind to give us bad bread, bad meat, and bad rations. You mind that well enough, you do. Bad luck to your old buzzard brain!

Chas. Bully! Give it to him, Jerry; hit him again.

Jerry. Have you a bullet of bread I could throw at him?

Chas. No, no; don't throw at him—don't throw!

Voice. Don't get mad, Irish; don't get the potato in your head. [Pause.] How is Biddy darling?

Jerry. Biddy darling! and how is Dinah darling? Put that in your pipe and choke on it. [Voices outside, indistinct] What's that about the Irish?

Voice. You get as much to eat as our Southern Irish.

Jerry. What Southern Irish are you talking about?

Voice. Why, the Irish fighting for our flag.

Jerry. Your flag! Very clear of it, Johnny, of any Southern Irish fighting for that. Your d—n old rattlesnake flag—very clear of it. No, no; St. Patrick wouldn't own them. He wouldn't.

Voice. Well, they're fighting for us anyway.

Jerry. Well, then, they're fighting for the love of the fight, its not for

your old rattlesnake flag, I tell you that—I know it bloody well. Why—tell me—should they fight for that flag? What the d—l did ever that flag do for Ireland? Nothing, and nothing will. It never will do nothing, the Irish people at home, they wouldn't look at it—they wouldn't! Fighting for your flag! I'll flag that out of you.

Voice. I'm talking about eating, now, not about fighting.

Jerry. And so am I talking about eating. Troth and I tell you I don't want to be chewing these rations of old rotten ham and measly pork and mouldy crackers wid your d—n old rattlesnakes in them. [Stamps on box.] I'll not put up wid it any longer—I won't; I'll tell Dick on you. I'll raise a row. By St. Patrick, I'll not stand it—I won't stand it any more—[Looks out—jumps off box.] Och! he's after shooting. [Shot through window.] Look at that, now? Oh, you old Dominion devil you!

Harry. [Talking in sleep.] Lie down, men, lie down!

Chas. There, Jerry, see; you've wakened Harry, see that? There, now, don't go up again—there's no call for it at all; not a bit. Oh, well, go ahead—no use of talking to you—I see that.

Jerry. Oh, Harry's all right; very clear of that wakening him. (Gets on box.) Hold fast till I see what he's after anyway, Oh, he's away 'round the corner now.

Mex. Look sharp he don't shoot 'round de corner.

Jerry. Never fear; I'll watch the corner. Ho-ho! ho-ho! I see a big trollop of a fellow snaking 'round these soldier boxes, as you call them, by the wood-shed. He's eying me now. Bedad, and I think he's after making a raid on those good things. He is—I know he is—rightly.

Mex. Is he; is he now 'round dose boxes, is he? I bet I fix him. [Goes to door and kicks] Wait, I go out and tell Dick. Where de debbil is de debbil?

Jerry. [Looks out.] I'm a looking at you, you old snake-thief! troth and I would like to box you for about sixty-nine rounds. Yes, go out and tell Dick. Indeed I'd put you at the head of the sick list.

Chas. [Writing on paper.] Oh, Doctor, going out? Well, try and get another cup for Rose, will you? Yes—another tin cup, Doctor, and I'll write you up something on this paper about your flag—a little song. See?—would you like that—a song?

Mex. Yes, sah; yes, sah. Where de debbil is de debbil? [Kicks door.]

Jerry. [Looks out.] Hallo! Here's a gunboat coming! [Shouts.] Gunboat! gunboat! &c. [Several men rush and squabble to get on box to see out. "Where is she? What is she? How is she?"]

Mex. What's dat he say! Gunboat coming?

Chas. Gunboat! Yes, Doctor. Gunboat here means pretty girl. Some pretty girl's coming along outside. See?

Mason [Outside.] Hallo, here! What's the matter now? [Trap door man lies down—resumes sickness—groans.] Another Irish row? Well, well. What is it, old Mex? What's the matter, eh? Out again, is it?

Mex. Yes sah, out again if you please, sah.

[Voice outside.] Let him pass Sergeant, that's the orders.

Mason, [Enters door, armed, &c.] I know, I'm going to, (to Mex.) what Regiment you belong to old fellow, eh?

Jerry. He don't belong to any now—only to U. S.—us.

M. You get off that blarney box Irish. [to Mex.] What Regiment you belong to, eh! you hear? What Regiment? Deaf and dumb Regiment, eh! Do you? Speak out, I want to know.

Mex. No sah, no sah, not to deaf and dumb Regiment. No sah, no sah, I belong to Pittsburg Regiment; Pittsburg; yes sah, Iron city, Iron city.

Chas. Yes, Sergeant, that's the truth. He belongs to Pittsburg and I believe Pittsburg belongs to him.

M. Pittsburg! Yes, yes; the Iron city—Pittsburg, I've heard of it. [Feels Mex's breast and looks at Charley.] That's the place where they make those iron-clad shirts for officers, eh? Isn't it? You havn't got one on, have you? What!

Jerry. [Aside.] Bedad, old greaser is sweating now.

M. You're not one of these double-breasted patriots are you, eh? What? No. Oh well, I see you Mexicans don't know nothing! Come out.

Mex. I know you can't tickle me, can't tickle me; no sah, try all day, can't tickle me, no sah—I'se too old.

Jerry. [Aside.] Ha, ha! there's know-nothing snuff for you. (Aloud.) No, no, you can't tickle a man with the Rheumatiz! No.

Mex. No sah, no sah, can't tickle me. [Exit door.]

M. Rheumatiz has he? Oh that's a pity. Well, out you go! [To Chas. fanning H. with cap.] Well Topsey, [pause] how are you? Want a fan now? How do you feel to-day? Anything to grumble at?

Chas. Nothing to grumble at.

M. Nothing to grumble at. How is this man now, anyway? Sleeping is he? Well, I guess you'll have to wake him up. There's a young lady coming here now to see him—coming to apologize, I believe for getting him in here. Understand? (To men.) And here I want all you men to clear out. [Pushes them—they mutter.] Every one of you. You hear? Move on now—quick too. More go and less gab. You too, Irish, get back, and if I find you on that box to-day again, I'll tie you up by the thumbs. Mind that. I'll make a "spread-eagle" of you. [Exit men Right—J with thumb to nose.] And here, this man must go too. [Kicks trap door man, who coughs, &c.] Here, wake up, Nicodemus—wake up and get up—get up now; no back talk—up—You feel bad? Don't show your tongue. Move on now. I'll think

I'll have to promote you to the hospital, so as you can get some nice brown bread, &c., for that coughing of yours, eh? Would you like that brown bread and Johnny cake. What? Move on now—double quick—a little faster—a little faster—a little— [Pushes him.] That's a leetle better. [Shoves him out R.] Oh, you'll live till you get to the hospital. Why, he is not crying. Is he?—is he? Well, well. Get him an umbrella, Irish, or a gum blanket. There, don't you push him. Now you stay there in that corner—all of you, till this lady leaves, and keep quiet too. If you don't, I'll muzzle some of you. [touches pistol—going.] I suppose that will do now. Did you sleep well last night, Topsey, eh? [Scratches himself.] Eh! What? No company? all alone in your glory, eh? No. Well, I wouldn't let them alone if they wouldn't let me alone—No. [Exit door.]

Chas. [Pause—writing on paper] Well, there're two verses of a song done, anyway. "The flag that was lost unto none." That'll do for one day, I think. And now to fix this trap, so Rose can't bounce up while this lady is here. [At trap.] Let's see. How will I fasten this any way? [Noise.] Too late! She's here—the one I thought 'twould be.

BELLE enters door with basket—MASON brings in a chair—Says: *Attention—and exit door—Belle offers hand to C.—he lifts his cap and offers chair—she offers basket—he takes it and pushes back men who try to peep at Belle—exit R. with basket.*

Belle. [Looks at Harry.] His ring—mine; he loves it still. [Kisses it.]

Harry. [In sleep.] Fire! men, fire! fire! [Rubs hand.] What does this mean?

B. [Kneeling by him.] Wake, Harry, wake! a friend—a friend Cousin—Cousin.

H. "You lie!" [Wakes, half rises.] Cousin. [Falls back.]

B. Cousin. Yes; Cousin Belle. Look, Harry, Cousin Belle, Cousin Belle is come—your Cousin Belle—Look at me, Harry. You know me? Yes! Cousin Belle.

H. [Looks and looks away] Yes, yes; I know you.

B. Harry, Harry! Look at me. Cousin—Cousin!

H. [Looking 'round] A prison!—I dreamt of liberty!

B. Yes, yes; Harry, and it is come. Liberty is come; 'tis here—I—I am liberty. Look now, Harry, look—look, liberty is here.

H. You look the same—you look the same—do I?

B. [Emotion.] Harry, Harry! You will kill me. [Falls on him.]

H. Tears. [Pause.]

B. [Reproaching.] I look the same—I look the same.

H. Tears and tears! Oh, Cousin, cease those tears, cease and speak. Why are you come? Speak.

B. (Weeping.) Speak—speak to you.

H. Yes; speak anything, speak. Why are you come? To weep? No, no; not to weep; no, look at me; there, look at me—speak. You have not come to weep—not to weep. Why, I could weep but will not and have greater cause. Come, look up, now.

B. I look and weep, [Pause, falls on him, rises.] Harry, Harry, I come to offer liberty—liberty and life, duty, love, honor, justice, all my soul's devotion's worth! Come, Harry, let us leave these wars and go abroad and live unto ourselves and be as one. We are one, are we not? Yes, yes, we are one. We hate those cruel wars that make us act as foes. We are one; our thoughts are one; our wishes, hopes are one; our souls, our very souls leap from ourselves; to say it to our hearts, our hearts are one. Come let us be one indeed. [Kisses the ring.] Harry, Harry, we must be one; my heart grows dead and lives on naught but tears. [Pause] Come, you will leave this place, will you not, Harry? Yes, to liberty, life, love, duty, justice, all my soul's devotion's worth.

H. Liberty, liberty, you dream.

B. No, no Harry, 'tis you that dream; I, I am liberty and can set you free and will. Yes, and now.

H. Liberty, liberty, to leave my country in her greatest need; renounce my cause; desert my flag; forget my oath, the oath our Fathers kept; that, that liberty—you think, that wish is mine, or e'er shall be? Cousin, cousin, you forget yourself.

B. But you will leave this place, will you not? This prison, jail—yes, yes you will! You must! Harry, you must, I cannot bear to see you here, and I must see you now, or I shall die. Yes, yes, you'll leave this place and come and live with us at home. My home Harry, think, my home—you will! Yes!

H. No, no, that cannot be.

B. Yes, Harry; I can make it be, I can make it be. I can give you liberty now, and will. [Pause.] You'll come, will you? Yes, and live with us—my home—think. My home and yours—yours until your arm is well, and then—and then, Harry, we'll part, part, part. We part? No, no, that cannot be. Part we never did—and part we never can. [Emotion.] [Rose lifts trap door, sees Belle and down again.] No, no: we will not part—never. You'll leave these wars and I will leave, and we will live together—love each other—ever one. [Pause.] You will? Yes, say it, Harry, you will.

H. What, leave these wars? desert the flag? forget my oath—that oath now sealed in blood? [Lifts wounded arm.] Never!

B. [Rising—pause.] Harry, your oath was to the flag—the Union flag. That Union flag's no more; 'tis changed; it's battle cry's now freedom to the slave!

H. [Half rising in bed.] Aye! 'tis freedom to the slave, and if that battle-cry of freedom frees one slave, it frees the flag the more! [Falls.]

B. [Kneeling.] There, Harry, there; we'll say no more.

H. My oath unto the Union's flag, was oath to make it free!

B. No more, Harry; we will not talk of that; no, no.

H. Free to wave where it had waved before. That oath's unchanged: The slave may die—the flag must live!

B. No, Harry, no; we will not talk of that. No, no; we'll talk of home—my home—your home. Yes, your home, Harry. We'll talk of that—that and Sam—yes, of Sam. Is he well? He is—you write to him? Yes, you do; I know you do.

H. No, no; I do not write to him. [Pause.] Shall I?

B. Shall? [Pause.] No, no, Harry; no, no; do not write—do not write. I do not wish it—no. You will not, will you? write and tell—tell—tell—will you? No, no; say it, Harry—say it. Promise me you will not write and tell—tell.

H. No, no; write I cannot.

B. No, no; you will not write to him and tell of this—never, will you? My Harry! my Harry! No, no—never, will you? 'Twould kill him—kill him this to know.

H. Yes, yes; 'twould kill him this to know. I cannot kill his prayers for us—for you.

B. [Emotion.] His prayers for me—his prayers for me.

H. Yes; night and day his prayer is still the same—"My Cousin Belle, come back; come back to us—come back to us again, My Cousin Belle. Come back, my Cousin Belle, come back."

B. Yes, yes, Harry, and I have come back—see, I have come back have I not? Yes, yes; I have come back. I'll write to him and say I have come back—shall I? Yes, I'll write to him and say I have come back. [Rising.] I will. There, Harry, I will go now. [Noise. Mason at door.] Go; and now good-bye—is it? Yes, Harry, good-bye. Both hands—good-bye, good-bye. [Reproaching.] "I look the same, Harry—I look the same."

H. No, no, Cousin. Good-bye, good-bye. Heaven bless you.

B. Heaven bless us. [Kisses ring. Exit slow.] Amen, amen, amen. [At door M. hands B. a letter.]

Chas. [Entering r.] Well, Captain, how is the arm now? Better, no doubt. Yes, I know it is [Offers basket.]

H. Yes, it feels something better. Why, what's this? Where did this come from—eh, Charley?

Chas. Yours, yours.

H. [Takes it.] Mine, eh? Oh, I see, from Belle. Yes, yes; she's not forgetting us. I see—something for the commissary department—very good. Place it by somewhere; or, no—take some and give to the men. Yes, give a few to the men; they're hungry, no doubt. [Calls.] Oh, Jerry! Jerry! come here.

Chas. [Takes basket.] Oh, wait, Harry. There's something extra in

this. [Pulls out bottle.] See that. We'll keep this, Jerry, till the last—for dessert, you know. See? Share these with the men now.

J. [Rubbing his mouth.] Yes, we'll save that to the last—course, and these are for the men! Troth they'll be for them I know. Cakes, dornicks, and the girl brought all these for us! Now, now.

Chas. Yes, yes, Jerry, go ahead, pass them round.

J. Look at that one now! Troth and she's the flower of Southern chivalry, that girl! [To trap man.] Here Cerebus, eat that. [Short whistle.] Heavens! Look at the teeth of him! Bedad them's good, good Captain, [eating,] I think there're sweet potatoes in them, I do! [Exit R.]

Chas. [Calling.] Oh Jerry, give some to that man Preston—that man shot in the head, (points,) yes, him. Now Harry, I have news for you, good news. You know the old Doctor, "old Mex." [Looks around.] That man's got a flag.

H. Flag! What kind—U. S? No.

C. A U. S. flag, red, white and blue, right next his heart.

H. And the old fellow never told any one.

C. Oh, he only got it this morning.

H. This morning. How's that?

C. Got it this morning. Yes, a soldier died this morning—Wilson, you know him! Fire Zouave had the fever, remember? Well, that flag was on him—hid away under his shirt. "Mex" saw it, took it, tore a piece off the corner, a little piece—so, put the piece on Wilson's heart and has the rest where Wilson had. (Touches breast.) As pretty a flag as ever you saw! Silk.

H. Well I declare, that beats the best. Where is he now, the old fellow! Out again? Well, well!

C. Yes, out at present, but not for long, he'll be in soon; and now I'm thinking Harry of writing a little song about it—about the flag and have Mex sing it. What do you think? eh! sing it to-night.

H. Oh, it will please him to death—sure. Yes; write him a song, and make it a drinking song, and we'll crack that bottle over it for luck—see?

C. Yes; Harry, if I can, you know—"if"—

H. Oh, you can do it—try, and mind make a good chorus or double chorus something with thrill in—understand? No flower-pot poetry.

C. (Pause.) I wish your brother Percy was here. He could write one for us. That's his forte, you know—songs.

H. Yes; Percy could write a song about anything. But Percy isn't here, and I don't wish him either by a long shot—no.

C. No, I don't either; I was only supposing the wish.

H. Yes, yes; I know, imagining. Oh, I guess, Charley, you can write a song. Try, try, perhaps you have been trying, eh? I'll bet you have song now already. Come, come—out with it, Charley—let's hear.

C. No, No; Harry, no song yet, only two verses.

Jerry. [Entering R., hands handkerchief with black border to C.] 'Twas in the bottom of the basket. Troth, Captain, the boys are kissing the lady cakes all over.

C I don't know what she means by this, Harry. Half sorry for shooting you—is it?

Jerry. [on look-out box.] Eh! Perhaps she's half sorry she didn't kill him. [Aside.] I wonder what she is. I hope not her, any. [Looks out.] There she's now talking with Dick. [Throws kisses.] and what are you staring at? [Shakes fist outside] You old Hottentot!

H. I hardly know what Belle means by this. But never mind. I'll show you what I mean—just the article I've been wishing to own for some time. Here, tie it 'round this arm—or stop, double it up first—again—there, that's it—put it 'round now—once more—there, tie—little tighter—so. That'll do. When that's all wet now it will keep the arm cool sometime. Any water there, Charley? [Puts some on from canteen.]

Jerry. [Looks out] I'm a watching you, young man—It's the young "dodger" that shot at me. Oh, you devil.

Chas. Now don't be swearing at him again, Jerry. There's no call for swearing—not a bit.

Jerry. Troth and I'll swear till I gets my freedom. It's no sin either; the devil a sin to swear for freedom. I'm a watching you, young man. By heavens, he's letting on he's cock-eyed—look at him—look at the manoeuvres of him. He's a bad eye in him, that fellow—he has. He's winking now. Oh! he's dying for a pop at me, I see that rightly.

H. [Writes on paper of Charley—*By-play.*]

C. Don't speak to him now unless he speaks to you—don't, and no swearing. You might get more freedom than you swear for, Jerry. What's he doing now?

J. Oh, he's a whistling some some d—n rattlesnake jig or other Will I whistle back at him?

C. You do and he'll whistle back at you—No.

J. What's that? (Distant bell.) There's a fire-bell, Captain. You hear it? (Looks out.) Stop it—that whistling. Troth that's the big fire-bell I think, or church bell. Are there any churches there—any Richmond now? I dunno.

C. Certainly. You see any signs of fire around? Now don't be hallowing at the gaurd.

J. No, I don't. But I see old "hip-pi-ti-hop" a coming—the Doctor; discoursing with himself.

C. 'h, don't call him "hip-pi-ti-hop," Jerry, that's no name.

J. Troth and I don't know rightly what to call him. He's as many as an English Duke.

H. (Hands paper to C.) Oh, I think those verses will do, Charley—do well. Nothing wrong with them as I see—as good as Percy could

do those. Take them and show them to the men; hear what they say.
 [Exit C—Right.] That chorus will do I know.

H. [To J.] You say you see the Doctor, coming, Jerry?

J. Yes, Captain; I see him beyond there now a talking to Major Dick. He's here now.

Mex. [Entering door, to H.] How is you, sah; how is you now?

H. Pretty fair, Doctor; pretty fair. How are you yourself?

Mex. Pretty fair, too, sah; pretty fair, too. I got you something now. Wait—I show you. [Feels in breast.]

H. Never mind, Doc., never mind; never mind. I know all about that. Keep it hid, keep it hid.

Mex. [Pulls out cakes.] Know all about dese, Captain, do you? See, dar's dat; pretty fair business, sah? Ses dat? more business—more, more coming; How many's dat dar?

Jerry. Bedad, he's a sly old know-nothing, that. Look at him.

H. Oh, that's a good many. These all for me? No!

Mex. Yes sah; yes, sah; all for you, dem, Here's more; see dat? Some for you, too. [To Jerry.] Yes, sah; everybody.

Jerry. Bedad, them's good—a little greasy, though. Oh, Doctor, give one to the sick watch-dog there. See him gaping?

Mex. Yes, sah; everybody. Here you are, sah; [to trap-man.] here you are, sah. How's dem? better dan de oders?

Trap-man. You bet! [Smacks lips.]

Jerry. Bedad, he has a mess of them. Well, I have had enough to spit on for one day anyway. [Bell rings.] Ho-ho! There's that fire-bell again, and there's a fire too out there if ever there was a fire. You see the light, Captain? See it on the right there?

Mex. Fire out dar—is dar? I hear out dar, Captain, our boys coming down here some night and burn dis whole place up. Yes, sah, sure; and free all de prisoners; yes, sah.

H. Free all the prisoners, eh? That's pretty good news, Doctor. I hope it will turn out true. Where are you going? Oh, yes, I see, to give cakes to the men; all right; go ahead. Oh, Doctor, give some to that man Preston—that man shot in the head—don't forget him.

Mex. [Exit R.] Yes, sah; yes, sah. Where dat Preston man?

Voice. (Outside.) Ain't you afraid of catching cold standing there, Irish?

J. Troth and I can stand the cold, Johnny, (aside), and the fire, too.

Voice. Don't you wish you was out just now in Ireland, digging potatoes—just now?

J. Troth and I don't, Johnny. (aside.) I wish I was digging your grave just now. Isn't he the sassy bugger, isn't he? I say, Johnny, what kind of a light is that beyond there on the right? Is it a fire or what? I dunno.

Voice. Oh, that's what we soldiers call "the Northern Lights."

J. Northern Lights, is it? It looks to me like a chimney on fire, or

a Jack o' Lantern. [Pause.] Troth that makes him mad. He's as mad as the div'l's badger. Look at the look of him. Look, now, he's a scratching his head and a-peeping through his fingers at me. Now he's looking at the fire; now he's spitting tobacco at it; now he's raising his gun a little.

H. Take care, Jerry, he don't give you the *cold shoulder*.

J. Oh! [A shot comes through window. *J.* tumbles off box.] Holy poker! What's this? what's this? what's this?

Chas. [Enters R., helps him up.] Oh, Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

Voice. [Outside.] High, low, Jerry, and the game!

J. [Sitting up.] D-n if he didn't shoot backwards at me. He did.

Chas. Don't swear, Jerry. And you are not hurt?

J. Hurt! Sorrow the hurt about me, I'll swear.

H. I thought he had shot you then, Jerry, sure.

J. Oh, If you're born to be starved you'll not be shot backwards or forwards. Hush, now! Hear him? He's loading his gun again. [Pause.] I'll bet he's kissing it, eh? He is—I know he is, rightly.

C. Jerry, that guard will kill you yet. Now don't go up again; no, don't, Jerry—don't, don't.

J. [Gets on box.] Wait a wee bit. He thinks I'm dead. Bad luck to the gray bugger! Oh, you blackguard, to go and shoot backwards at me! Yes, laugh—do now—laugh and giggle about it! Bad luck to your big back-teeth!

C. There Jerry, come down now, we're going to have a song—come. Oh where's that bottle Harry? Oh here it is. Here now Jerry, take this and give the men some, come.

J. Oh, if that's the game I'm wid you.

C. Quick now and then we'll have the song. [Calls men in R.] Come, men, all in now. Everybody. Let's have that song now. Bring a candle one of you. Come along, everybody, quick! Here Jerry, now share this bottle—share alike.

J. [Gives men rations in canteens.] Fall in for your rations Company D, get in line now, and mind you, stay in line till I'm through it. Don't be flanking round and coming the double on me.

C. [On look-out box.] Harry, that's a mighty big fire.

H. [Sits up.] So! Make out what it is?

C. No, I can't. [Light is seen through window.]

J. I'm a thinking Captain it's the Gas-house, it is. Oh boys, look at that, a'n't your teeth weeping—aint they? Hold there, don't be drinking till I give you a toast. Here you are, here's your Lookout Mountain Bitters. Where did you get that canteen? It's like a Demijohn, that. [to Mex] Here you are, you old Snake charmer. Here's the that'll tickle your rheumatiz, eh?

C. Come Jerry, are you ready? [Ties flag round the the neck of Mex.] Now for the song. Oh wait, Doctor! Here men, all ready are you?

Here's a toast, drink. "The flag that was lost unto none." [All drink.]
Song by "Mex" or Charley, air "After the Opera."

THE FLAG THAT WAS LOST UNTO NONE.

*Now in our prison at Richmond,
Now with his flag—Washington;
We'll sing of the war for the Union,
And the cause that was lost "5 to 1."
Their cause it was lost 5 to 1 boys,
The Johnnies now say every one,
What a "long-strait" tale has their tiger,
Will never his yelling be done.*

(Repeat, and chorus four lines.)

Chas. Toast. "The flag of Washington." [All drink.]

Jerry. Our girls of 18 and our men of '61. [Down they go.]

Harry. Here's to us, Jerry, Ireland and America—May the Bird of Freedom be the first to drink to Irish Independence.

*South Mountain Battle they boast of,
One that we started and won—
Where "we uns" stood up to the tigers,
And picked tigers too, every one.
Stood up and there flaunted the flag boys!
Of course we were five unto one, (Jerry, oh, of course.)
Till the yells of the tigers were over;
Till "we uns" had really won: (Repeat four lines.)
Till "we uns" had really won boys:
Till "we uns" had really won.
We flaunted the flag at the tigers
Till "we uns" had really won, won, won, &c.*

[The song is interrupted by ROSE appearing at trap-door, face all black, with cup in hand, &c. Music ceases.]

R. Home boys! we're free—the mine is open.

Mason. [Outside.] Hi-yi-yi; not so much noise in there!

Jerry. [To R.] Down! down! You devil, down! Sing boys.

Mex. hides flag—J. and others sing and dance a walk-around, "Pop goes the Weasel."

Mason. [At door.] Hello! hello! What's all this noise about? Eh, what's the matter? Put out that light! [Points pistol.] You know its nine o'clock? What's going on here? What's all that yelling about? You Irish, what is it?

J. Oh, it's only a piece of a song we're singing, "Pop goes the Weasel"—that's all the matter with us, Sergeant.

Mason. [At door.] "Pop goes the Weasel." Well, now, don't you yell so much about the weasel—hear? Don't yell so much—don't yell. Sing if you like, but no yelling—[Yawns sleepy.] No yelling. If you

yell again Irish and wake me up. (*Points pistol.*) I'll—I'll *wake you* [Retire.]

C. [*Opens trap, Rose appears.*] We're free!

Rose. [*Shows cup.*] Free as air. Where's Harry? [*Calls.*] Harry!

C. [*Shakes hands.*] Thank Heaven, Captain, thank Heaven. Harry, Harry! Come boys, we're free! Make ready—get up and get—no ceremony—go now—get your blankets—all—everything you can! Hurry up—pack up—make no noise. Jerry, watch that window—sharp now. (*Men scamper out R.*) Oh! we'll see who's Topsey, now. [*Exit R.*]

J. [*On look-out box—drinking, &c.*] You hear it, Captain? School's out. We're masters now. [*Looks out.*] Look at that fire! There's a toast. [*Drinks.*]

Harry. [*Sitting on bed.*] Free! Liberty! And shall I go—go—leave her? Shall I—shall I? [*Puzzled.*]

Rose. [*To Mex.*] Shake hands—[*Drops cup.*]—shake hands my friend, shake hands. Look at them, black—black but free!

Mex. Yes, sah; shake hands—shake hands—shake hands again for old Joe. You mind old Joe? He got de cup. Dat's de mind—mind old Joe? Yes, sah; sure

Rose. Yes, yes, old Joe; shake hands for old Joe—old Joe forever!

Jerry. [*Gives R drink from canteen, then drinks from cup' himself.*] Here, Captain, drink—drink to old Joe! Luck to old Joe! Health and long life to old Joe! [*Drinks.*] Troth and I feel joyous this night.

[*Mex. shows flag to Rose—by play. CHAS. enters—writes with chalk on prison walls. Men enter R.—some with blankets, &c.—they follow Rose down the trap; each one shaking hands with Mex.*]

Rose. Come boys; are you ready? Harry! Harry! Thinking are you—thinking? Come! Freedom! Strike! Follow! Hold! Remember men when out upon the road you keep unto the right; some English guns are on the left. Come now, home!

Harry. [*Rising.*] English guns—English guns!

Mex. Yes, sah; I here dat talk out dar of English guns Yes, sah; sure, new guns—bran new English guns. Yes, sah; sure.

J. [*Pause.*] Will we ever forgive her, boys, England—will we?

H. Forgive her? Yes. [*Pause.*] When heaven forgives hell! [*Paces up and down.*] English guns—English guns.

J. Troth and we'll be down on England for this forever; yes, double forever. [*To H.*] Come, Captain, let's be off. Go it now—you first—down! No thinking now. Strike for home!

H. No, no, Jerry; the first down's the Doctor; he got the cup. Come, Doctor, come along; you first.

J. Yes, yes; true enough. Come, Doc! Hurry up—down—down, you old "Home—"pathic," down!

Mex. No, sah; no, sah. I stay here; stay with sick men.

J. With the sick men! You hear him, boys? Troth he has the heart of an angel in him—he has.

H. [To *Mex.*] Good bye! You good old soul, good bye! [Exit trap.]

Mex. Good bye, sah; good bye, sah! [Shakes hands.] You mind old Joe, Captain—mind old Joe—shoot for old Joe. [H. waves arm.] Shoot for old Joe!

Jerry. [In trap.] Troth and we'll mind old Joe and Mexico, all of us. Good bye! [Takes hand.] Hush! Hush! [Post calls outside, all's well!] Post No. 1. All's well! Post No. 2, &c.] Still! Still! On your lives! Keep still! [Outside. All's well! Post No. 6] No. 6; that's him here; old Northern lights Troth and it is well, you d—d old seeder! [Exit trap.]

Mex. [To next man.] Good bye, sah; good bye, sah, &c. Mind old Joe—dat's de mind. Shoot for old Joe. [To one man.] Good bye, Pittsburgh; good bye, good bye, sah; mind me to Engine boys, when you go dar, mind me to Engine boys. Good bye! Shoot for old Joe—he set you free, &c. [To *Chas.*] Here, Captain, turn out—turn out now—time's out. Good bye to you. [Pause.] What dat you writing dar? What all dat is?

Chas. Yes, yes: I'm there in a minute. [Reading.]

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a jail;
Through all we break, and freedom take,
And leave our straw for bail.

—“TOPSEY.”

Mex. Straw! Dat good bail, Captain. Good bye, sah!

Chas. And now good bye: good bye, old friend; God bless you; now good bye! [Embraces—Exit trap.]

Mex. [Calling down trap.] Captain, Captain—here de cup, here de cup. Mind old Joe! Shoot for old Joe! He set you free! Good bye, good bye, &c. [Pause.]

Preston. [Slaggers in R. wounded head tied up.] No sleep! No sleep! No sleep, &c.

Mex. See dar? Dar's dat poor boy Preston. [Goes to him.] What de matter, boy? What de matter now? Here's me! Here's old Doctor! Know old Doctor? Come, come here, boy; come to old Doctor, come!

[PRESTON breaks from MEX—runs wild 'round the room—mounts the lookout box, shouts fire! fire! and is shot down by guard outside—falls in arms of MEX., speaks “Mother”—dies—yells outside—hi-yi-yi—MEX. tears a piece from the flag, places on heart and kneels. Curtain.

ACT THIRD. SCENE FIRST.

[Tomb of Washington—two soldiers guarding it; one (U. S.) at four L. E. one (C. S.) behind scene four R. E. Time—night.

Rose. [At 4 L. E. White handkerchief round neck.] Hi Johnny! Ho Johnny, jump up! Are you sleeping? [Pause.] There he is! Ready for a trade, Johnny, eh?

Johnson. [Behind the scene.] Yes, yes, any day; free trade. Go it. [Rose places Coffee on a log near tomb and exit L. J. enters R. wearing red handkerchief on neck, takes Coffee and leaves Tobacco, exit R. Rose enters again, &c.]

R. What kind of tobacco's this you're giving us?

J. [Behind scene.] Navy! [Pause.] What kind of Coffee's this?

R. Army. [Pause.] What are you doing so far away from your lines? You fellows! I'd like to know.

J. Oh, overseeing things generally.

R. Of course it's none of my business—secrets.

J. I know. [Pause.] We're guarding this tomb of Washington for one thing!

R. Guarding this tomb? Why, so are we.

J. You! [Pause.] Honor bright?

R. Yes; honor bright; no lying here. Guarding this tomb, we are. [Pause.] Not fight about guarding it, will we?

J. Oh no, guess not—not this time!

R. When's your time out, Johnny? Come, no secrets.

J. Oh, I'm in for the war—I am. How long have you to serve yourself?

R. Only two more years—that's all—unless sooner shot. [Pause, eating.] Oh, Johnny, do you fellows get enough to eat over there? I hear you don't? How is that—so or uns?

J. Oh, it's fighting, "we uns" think of, not eating.

R. Do you get enough of that?

J. Of what?

R. Fighting.

J. No, can't get enough.

R. Can't get enough?

J. No, you're starving us, starving us. [Pause.] Well, I'm going in now, Yank. It's about time I guess—four o'clock—good bye! Oh wait—a word—we'uns have got orders to fire on "you'uns" to-morrow, you know that?

R. That so? [Exit L.]

J. So, I'm telling you. So, mind, you pickets, keep shady to-morrow—understand? If you don't you might get a leaf of absence. Good-bye. [Enters R.] [Good-bye. Pause.] [Places a letter under log and exit R.—Sound of whip-poor-will—PERCY COOK enters L.; takes letter

from log; strikes a match and reads; looks at watch; walks up and down agitated—Noise R.]

Percy. Hark! What's that? Some one coming! [Hides 4 R. E.]

[*HARRY COOK, arm tied up, attended by old Joe, enters 3 R. E.*]

Joe. [*Looking 'round.*] Whar is dat light I seed just now? Whar is it? I seed a light 'round har somewhar.

H. There, there, my good old man, let's rest ourselves. Let's rest. [*Sits on log.*] Where are we now? What place is this—you know? How still!

Joe. [*Looks 'round, takes off hat.*] Dis har? dis har place? Dis har's de grave of great George Washington!

H. Washington! [*Cap off—pause.*] I wonder if he dreams! No.

Joe. I wonder what dat light was har. I seed a light 'round har somewhar, I know.

H. Light! light! [*Points to tomb.*] There it is—there is the wonderful light—the ever-shining star of Washington!

Joe. No, sir; dis no star light—no, sir. Dar's some one lives around har somewhar, sure.

H. Yes, and will live here forever and forever! [*Noise. P. breaks a stick.*] Hark! What's that? What's that—eh? [*Pause.*] I think I hear those dogs again.

Joe. What! Hear de dogs—do you? [*Pause.*] Humph! [*Sound of bird.*] Hear 'em yet? I doesn't. I hear dat bird. I guess you didn't hear 'em.

P. [*Aside.*] My signal. I must get them away from here. [*Exit 4 R. E.*]

H. Perhaps not. I fancy every sound I hear's the bark of dogs. [*Drinks from canteen.*] But come, old man, sit down with me, sit down; you should be tired now. Come.

Joe. [*Sits.*] Yes, sir, yes, sir; How is de arm, dis one? I spects dat's very tired, now—sah?

H. Oh, no; that's not tired. Sit down, and so you are going to work to-morrow; are you?

J. Yes, sir; work to-morrow—always work to-morrow. And is de arm broken now, dis one? de ball break de bone? I spects so—sah?

H. No; it didn't break the bone—the ball. No, it struck and lodged between the bones—nearly, very nearly divided them—nearly, not quite.

J. Yes, sir, yes, sir; I see—didn't divide 'em?

H. No, not quite. And you work on fortifications; do you?

J. Yes, sir, yes, sir; most all de time I work on fortifications—yes, sir; sometimes I fix the railroad har and dar, but most de time I work de fortifications—yes, sir.

H. Rather hard work for you, that; isn't it?

J. Yes, sir, yes, sir; its a telling on me—its a telling on me.

H. Yes; I should say so. Why don't you run away? Strike for freedom? Not too old; are you? You know what freedom means, I suppose.

J. Yes, sir, yes, sir; I know what freedom means. I know dat word—I hear it often—often, and dar's something in it tells me dat it means me well.

H. Yes, yes; exactly. Well, why don't you run away and learn the something, what it is—that means you well? [Pause.] Eh? You're not too old; not as old as freedom, I know.

J. [Pause.] No, sir, no, sir; I couldn't run away—no, sir, I couldn't run away and leave de Missus, now—now Massa is gone to war, de Missus all alone by self. No, no, I couldn't leave de Missus, now; 'deed I couldn't, no way. No indeed. [Noise—bark of dogs.] What dat? What dat dar—What dat? Hear 'em? Hear 'em dogs?

H. Hold! Dogs, is it? No, no; it isn't—no dogs.

J. Dogs. Yes, sir; dat's dogs. I know dogs—hear 'em? Dat's de dogs. Come—run; dey're on your track, de dogs—de dogs on your track—Hear 'em—hear 'em? Dey're on your track, sure. Come, come, take de water—cross de water—swim de water, or you're gone, sure. Run for water—run—run—run! De Lord of Moses help us! Run! [Exit L.]

H. Hold! Hold! That's not the dogs—no, no, old man—no, no—no. [Exit, pulled by JOE. *H.* leaves Canteen.]

Percy. [Enters R. barking through hands.] There now, that send's those niggers off far enough, I guess. [Kicks canteen.] What's this? Canteen, eh? Full of something to— [Tastes.] I hate to, but I must. [Drinks.] I'm so hot and thirsty now, I would drink after the very d—l. [Sound of bird.] Signal! There it is again, and nearer. Now for mine. [Goes to 4 R. E. whistles so and so.] 'Tis breaking day. [Looks at watch—paces.] Love her! Heaven know's I love her—the only being that I ever loved; and shall I now confess? No, no—no, I'll hide my love in deeds; 'tis deeds should speak a soldier's love, and shall now mine. Yes; love shall speak in deeds. I'll do such deeds in time, will work revenge upon her foes, that her heart cannot doubt. Revenge! Yes; that it is, will conquer now. 'Tis sweet to woman, and revenge I'll give. Oh, I'll reason her to love. I'll win her now or never—never speak of love again. [Pause.] And my oath. Yes; I'll tell her now, I break my oath unto the war to keep my oath to her. She must—she shall believe— [Sound of bird.] Again! Hark? What's that! Footsteps? Yes; some one's coming. 'Tis she, [Pause.] Right; 'tis she. Welcome revenge! [Exit 4 R. E.]

Harry. [Enters L takes canteen.] Hark! I hear voices! Yes; and coming nearer, nearer this way. [Hides 4 L. E.]

Bell. [Enters R with Percy.] And you are come to tell me this?

Percy. To tell you first, and face to face, as right and fair I should, I am—

Harry. [Aside.] My brother's voice!

Percy. To you it was I gave my word—aye, oath—that should the North at any time forget the Union's flag to bow and chant its prayers for victory to these heathen gods—these slaves—then I, for one, would then the North forget and war the South no more. That oath I've come to keep. 'Tis time. The North is changed; its cause, dissolved; it wars for slaves. My eyes are opened and I see the light—'tis dark!

B. Brave words, Percy, brave words! [Walks to and fro.]

P. Brave and true! The dearest wish I have's to prove them so.

B. And now you leave the flag? Yes, 'tis time.

P. No, no; Cousin, I do not leave the flag—no, no, I leave the cause, it's hateful, new-born cause. You know my oath. I cannot, will not war for slaves, who dare not, will not war themselves. To fight their cause would wrong myself that's free—wrong nature, Heaven and my oath to thee. No, Cousin; no, 'tis not the flag I leave; no, no, I love the flag—yes, love it so I would not redden it in kindred blood for coward slaves—never! never! [Pause.] You do not listen, Cousin—Cousin you do not listen.

Belle. [Pacing.] I listen and I understand.

Percy. But you say nothing. You do not doubt me—no.

B. No, no; Percy, I nothing doubt and nothing say. I know that Percy will be true to self.

P. [Aside.] To self! [Aloud.] Yes, I love the flag but hate its slavish cause. You know my oath, no flag can consecrate a coward's cause.

B. Your dearest wish is now to prove that hate.

P. My dearest wish, to prove my dearest hate.

B. This dress. You still are in command?

P. [Aside.] She reads my thought. [Aloud.] I am and shall be till I own revenge. [Pause.] Cousin, you know my thought? You do [Kneels before her] Look in my eyes.

B. No.

P. Look in my eyes and see a purpose fixed and firm as yon gray Northern Star!

B. [Pause.] What, would you?

P. Give up—surrender!

B. Percy.

P. Aye, myself, command and all to fill the measure of my deep revenge! [Rises.]

B. You're mad to say it.

P. Aye, and mad enough to do. I tell thee Cousin once again, I hate this party power in the war! Hate them, this freedom-shrieking party power, who now would tyrannize the North and make its flag their slave—hate them, hate them, and would have revenge as deep and bitter as my master—hate! What answer now? You know my thought—'tis that has brought me here.

B. [Aside.] Mine! I must not speak of Harry, no!

P. Your foes are now my own. Speak!

B. What answer Percy? This—this hand of mine as faras thine will lead by thee, with thee, to the bitter end—revenge. Answered? You are—Yes, Percy, yes; your foes are now my own, and I will aid thee, help thee, swear to pay the double-score; and now your plan—surrender all you say?

P. Two thousand men; my own and Harry's.

B. [Aside.] Harry escaped! Does he know? [Aloud.] Harry's you say? (Bugle call.) What's that?

P. What's that? You hear it? That call! "Advance"—hear? Not ours, that, no, no—no—it must be yours!

B. Ours? No! [Pause.] yes, no—is it?

P. Not ours—certain—no! Come, we must leave this place—part—come, good bye, good bye. We'll write and plan to meet again, [going L.] good bye, Cousin, good bye, [bugle call,] Hark! hark! Cousin, Cousin, my heart gives way—should I be found, discovered now, 'tis death.

B. [Takes hand.] Courage, Percy, courage now! Go—think not of failure now, think of revenge. Revenge, let that thought spur thee on. Good bye. [Going R.] Yes, write in cipher and we'll meet again. Good bye. Hold, a pass—yes Percy, you may need a pass; hold Percy, hold—stay one moment, stay!

P. No, no; I'll risk it now. Good-bye.

B. No! no! Hold! Risk nothing now! Come, take this pass. [She looks at papers—moonlight.] Wait one moment, now; one moment, now—wait.

P. [Bugle call.] My guilty soul feels like it heard impending doom! Have you it? Haste! I'll hide these tell-tale papers here, somewhere. [Places under log.] There, curse them! [Feels 'round for canteen.]

B. Let me see? No! That pass is the one you gave me. Mind it, Percy? I run the guard and kept it. Where is that other pass? I have it here, I know. What's this? Yes—no; yes, here it is—here. Percy! Percy! Percy! Where are you? Here—quick!

P. (Advancing.) Yes, yes—coming. Have you it?

B. One moment. (Reads.) "Good at all hours, day and night." The one—here, take it, Percy, and remember, now, that secrecy's success. (In the act of handing she's startled by a noise, (step of Harry), and crossing from the left to right she gives the wrong pass. Noise.) What's that? (She crosses, &c.) Percy, hush! (Pause.) Here, the pass. Still! still! Percy, still! You heard that step? (Draws knife.) Speak low, speak low. (crosses to R.)

P. Some voice it was. (Takes her left hand.)

B. How you tremble! Courage, Percy, courage. (Pause.) There; go, now—go. (He kisses hand; she, the knife. Exit P. left, B. right slow.

Harry. (Rising.) Gone! My brother Percy! Percy, my flesh! my

blood! Here—here upon this holy ground plotting his country's ruin! Oh! 'tis horrible the thought. My brother—and she. She! Who was she? Stay! These papers here may tell—some papers hidden here. Yes, here they are. (*Pulls out papers.*) Oh, Percy, Percy! What's this? His own Commission! (*Tears it up.*) O! fool! fool! thou Judas-loving fool! And this—what's this? Some cipher-work Keep. And this? a letter of my own. I'll keep them all. What's here? A Roster? Yes, a Roster of the command—and this? (*Pause.*) There; no matter now. I'll keep them all, all; and now away! (*Rises.*) away! No rest must be while treason is afoot. No, no! (*Pause—looks 'round.*) But where away? Which way is mine? This? This? O! Heaven, guide me; I am lost in all. (*Turns to Tomb and kneels.*) Or thou, O! patron saint of worshiped truth! Thou, guardian genius of the nation's hopes! be thou my guide! Awake—if so it be thy soul to us can wake in mortal prayer—awake, O! mighty soul! guide thou me on—guide thou me on through darkness unto light—guide thou me on to loyalty and love—guide thou me on to ward this dagger from my country's breast that I may die in peace! (*Strikes on the tomb.*) Awake! awake! Speak to me! Speak to me—speak! (*Flash of lightning—H. falls—or the apparition of Washington shrouded in the flag.*)

ACT THIRD. SCENE SECOND.

[SCENE 3 E.] Woods—Time, night—MASON and JOHNSON on picket guard—J. with red handkerchief—M. makes a small fire near 3 L. E.—J. watches.

Mason. (*Blowing fire.*) No danger in this, Johnson eh? making this fire here—What! Think?

Johnson. Oh, some—some danger. But go ahead; we must live—must eat—must grub, you know. Blow her up!

M. Oh, I know we must live, but I don't want to get my head blowed off for the sake of a little grub; must mind that part.

J. A little grub? Six pounds of Yankee beef. Little grub! You're getting high-minded, ain't you? I hope your head may eat that little every month. There, there, that fire will do. How is that meat?

M. (*Toasting Meat on stick.*) Oh! Juicy! Sweet! It looks like calves' foot jelly. I wonder if the Yankee's get meat every day; think they do? I suppose.

J. Every day, I guess, except the days we get it from them.

M. I wish we had some salt for this, eh? To touch it off with. What!

J. I wonder at your wishing for salt. Oh! say, did you ever try powder with meat, Mason?

M. Powder with meat. What kind of powder? Sugar powder?

J. Sugar powder! No; common powder—rock—stonewall powder. Ever try that?

M. No ; not with meat. How does it go with meat, good ?

J. Good ! That's my first rule in tactics ; powder on meat. That is when I've got the meat.

M. Is that so ? Oh, I must try that rule—try it on this, eh ? think this kind can stand it ? [Pause.] What's the matter ? [distant love song.]

J. Hold a minute ; there's one of our fellows singing. Hear him ? What song's that, eh ? "Annie Laurie," I think.

M. I don't know. I'm not posted much on songs. [Pause.] How is that Annie Laurie of yours, now ? I saw a certain letter lately all the way from Richmond. Well, well, I'll never tell. [Pause.] I wonder what's mine a thinking of just now ?

J. I guess, just now, she's wondering what you're thinking of.

M. [Pause.] Yes, yes ; wondering why Johnny is so long at the fair. [Pause.] I wish this bloody war was over—I do. [Eats meat-song.] That fellow hums that song well—eh ! That drills right into my soul—that does. [Pause.] I call that good singing, Johnson—eh ?

J. Yes ; good—watch that meat—it don't burn.

M. I am watching. I suppose we had better save some of this meat for the march to-morrow—eh ?

J. Yes ; 'twould be as well. We may run short of the Yanks to-morrow. Better save half. Nothing like a look ahead.

M. Yes, or half a look. Where is the march to-morrow—which way ? You hear auything about it ? I heard to Maryland. Everybody hears something about it—eh ? [Pause.] I wish it would rain and lay the dust—make easy marching. [Pause.] A hard old month this so far—eh. [Pause.] What's the matter ? Listening to that song ? Humph ! Yes ; They're having a good old time in camp, the boys. You feel sentimental now ? Homesick, do you ? No ; You're letting on. Come, old boy, don't get "the blues" on picket whatever you do. [Pause.] Come and smell this meat—cool off your imagination. [Pause.] Come, its a-hissing at you ; you hear it ? [Disatnt long roll and distant shot.]

J. Eh ! What ! what ! what ! what, Mason, long roll ? Up ! up ! up ! Kick out that fire—quick ! Kick it out quick—quick—out with it—out with it—pour water on it. There, get your gun ; I'll finish it. [Exit fire.] Get your gun. A shot—hear that ? Wide awake ! Hide yourself—lively. Hark ! Steps ; some one coming. [Hides behind scene R. E.]

M. [Behind scene L. E. Sound of bird.] Hist ! You hear that ? Lay low.

[Flash of lightning—PERCY COOK enters quick R. dress, part gray.]

Percy. Hark ! What's that ?

Johnson. [pointing gun.] Halt !

Percy. Who goes there ? [pulls pistol and drops it.]

Mason. [Advancing, pointing pistol.] Who goes there ? Hands up !

P. A friend ! a friend ! Hold, men ! a friend ! [Pause.] Bless me

how you frightened me! Why, I thought I had struck the Yankee lines!

J. Did you? Countersign, friend?

P. Countersign? Yes—paper countersign. Here it is. [Hands pass to *J.*, who strikes a match and reads.] What was that shooting about I heard just now? Some of your pickets killing cows again, eh? was it?

J. (Looking at pass.) Yes; I guess so. Let's look at this.

P. (Looks close at *J.*) Why, this isn't Jackson—is it?

J. Oh, no; this isn't Jackson. No, no; only a friend of Jackson—that's all. (Pause.) A spy! Why, you double-hearted devil, this is a pass South!

P. South! Lost!

M. Lost! Oh, no; you're not lost, you're found—lost?

J. Blue ink, too! Look! (Hands *M.* the pass. *M.* drops it.) Hold him, Mason! Search him for papers! Skin him from head to heel! No, wait; we'll take him into camp—yes, camp. Wait till I get this haversack. Where's yours? Oh, here it is. Oh, Jonathan!—no, you're not lost—you're found. Come.

M. Yes—found shooting cows. Oh, say, do I look like Jackson, eh? What, do I?—much? Jackson! Oh, isn't he got cheek, Johnson? I wonder if a bullet wouldn't glance off (points pistol) eh? think it would?

J. Hold, Mason! Come, now, if you're lost we'll take you home—right straight home—right up a tree. Come.

M. Yes; come. We'll give you a nice new suit of clothes, new overalls; yes, and a new collar, and a new Jerusalem neck tie. Come, come—oh, we want you bad. (Exit 3 R. E.)

Harry Cook. (Climbs down a tree, picks up pistol and pass.) Guide thou me on! Guide thou me on! (Exit 3 L. E.)

Picket. (Outside.) Who goes there?

Harry. (Outside.) A friend to freedom. (Scene changes.)

ACT THIRD. SCENE THIRD.

[Gettysburg—J. C.'s house exterior—porch—rustic benches—a large box on one—SAM on guard.]

Jennie. [Enters from house with packages for box drops one.] There Sam, pick up that up. I wonder what my Charley will think when he gets this box; that is if ever he does get it. There's no telling but what some of these Johnny Rebs may charge on this. Dear me! what a load it has. Here's nuts and oranges, jellies and jams, pickles and peas, cakes and cheese, and brandy peaches—glory! Won't he smile when he sees those brandy peaches? that is, if ever he does see them. And this cheese—now, if there's anything Charley is fond of, and over-fond of, it's cheese—especially, cream cheese. Yes, Charley says it's brain food; his brain would dry up if it wasn't for cheese—cheese keeps it

moist. Indeed, his folks at home say Charley would get up at night time and ransack the whole house—kitchen, cupboard, larder, pantry—every place high and low—turn everything upside down, topsy-turvy hunting for cheese. [Pause.] Cheese, cheese. Oh, I know he'll go crazy over this cheese when he gets it—if ever he does get it. I must put that "if" in, [puts package in box.] and the nuts and oranges, jellies and jams, &c., &c. Oh, sakes alive! I hope he'll not eat them all at once when he gets them, if—yes. [Pause.] By the way, I ought to send some reading matter, yes, some books or papers—something in that line; to make a variety of something to eat, something to wear and something to read. [Pause.] Yes. Oh, Sam, come. Sam, you know where those old song books of Percy's are? those small ones.

Sam. Small ones—so big? [moves fingers.] I know. [Going.]

J. All right; go and bring me three or four, will you? to put in this box for Harry—see? Your Harry. Run, now—that's a man—one, two, three.

Letter man [Enters R.] Master Sammy Cook [gives to J. and exit.]

Jennie Right, thank you. Wait Sam, Sam here, here's something for you, [reads,] "Richmond:" here, wait, something from Charley—I mean from Harry, your Harry, Sam—poor Harry in prison; poor Harry. Kiss it Sam. There, take it in now and show it to Ma—Ma will read it for you. That's a man! [Aside.] I know there's something in that about Charley!

Sam. [Looks at letter, claps hands, exit house.] Cousin Belle, Cousin Belle, &c.

J. Cousin Belle, poor little soul! there's nothing runs in that boy's head from morn to night, but Cousin Belle, Cousin Belle. That's his whole cry, Cousin Belle. [Pause.] I wonder if it is from her! I've a great mind to go and see! I will too! [Turns and sees Charley entering right.] Charley! Charley! my Charley; mine, mine.

Charley. Glory to Glory! Jeannie, how are you? [Embraces.] Look at me! Look at me, my Jennie!

J. [Looking up.] My Charley, my Charley!

C. Your Charley. "Mums" the Countersign. [Kisses her.] Your Charley, "hi-yi-yi" escaped from Richmond.

J. My Charley, my Charley, and all well?

C. Yes, all well and hearty—a little poor, but that's fashionable. Yes, look at the waist of that vest, my Jennie!

J. And you escaped, run away, did you?

C. Yes; run away and left them—left my straw for bail.

J. My Charley, sleeping on straw! [Embraces.]

C. Squeeze me harder—I'm no egg. My Jennie!

Russell. [Entering 4 R. E., paper in hand and cane.] Why, there's my Charley! [Halts.] Oh, I can't stand this! [Advances] Charley, Charley, my Charley!

J. His Charley; well I declare!

Chas. Mr. Russell—yours truly, all the way from Richmond.

R. [Shaking hands.] Charley, Charley, how are you anyway? Well, well, I am delighted. Bless my eyes! how you've grown.

J. [Aside.] Bless his eyes! And only one of them.

C Grown? I? Grown smaller, ain't I? Just look at this vest; that's growing, isn't it? See where the button holes are—under my arm.

J. Yes; there's a contract, Mr. Russell.

R. Yes; there is quite a falling off there. But you'll soon come round again, Charley—you'll soon come round again. And Harry Cook's escaped, I see. [Shows paper.]

C. Yes; Harry's with us "O K"—out on bail—French bail. He'll be here soon; a little poor, but still Harry.

J. Oh, dear! I must run in and tell Sam. [Turns and sees Sam at door with books.] Oh, there he is now.

C. [Turning.] There who is? Oh, Sam. I thought you meant Harry. I wonder if Sam knows me. [Calls.] Sam!

Sam. [Flinging away book.] Harry! Harry! Harry! [Runs R. 4 E.]

Harry. [Enters 4. R. E.] Why, Sammy, man, how are you? [Kisses.] How are you, eh? How is everybody?

[MRS. COOK appears at door with letter, agitated. Sees H.]

Harry. Mother! Mother! Your boy again! [Embraces.]

Mrs. C. Harry! Safe! Thank God! Thank God! [Exit in house with H.—Sam clinging to H.]

Russell. There he is as large as life—Harry Cook, the very man who gave me the first contract. Well, well.

J. Why, there's something the matter with his arm, Charley; the wrist's tied up; not wounded, is he?

C. Wounded, yes; Harry's wounded in the wrist—accidentally wounded, he was, yes?

J. Wounded! Wounded! Oh, my! I must go and see him. Dear me. [Looks at box and points to C.] There's that box—Oh! if he gets it—if he gets, my Charley. [Exit house.]

R. Accidentally wounded, eh? That's bad. Did it break any bones—the ball? I suppose.

C. No, it didn't break any bones. No; the ball went right between the bones, here, [Shows wrist.] and stuck there—fast; in fact it nearly separated them—nearly—very nearly, but not quite. But it's almost well now—the wound. Yes; as soon as the ball was taken out the two bones joined together again, united beautifully.

R. Well, now, I'm real glad to hear that.

C. Yes; the Doctor terms it "a union by the first intention."

R. "A union by the first intention." Well, now, I'm real glad to hear that, too, and—[Drums heard.] Eh? What's that? What's that? Drums! drums!

C. [Turns to 4 R. E.] Drums it is. Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! What's a-going on here? Soldiers, eh? Home-guard turning out is it? No; Those fellows hain't got a homely look—no. They're old veterans, I think. Wait till I go and see what regiment they are. I'll be back here in a minute. [Exit 4 R. E.]

Sam. (Enters from house, runs against R., falls down, gets up, exit 4 R. E. shouting.) Soldiers! soldiers, &c.

R. Hallo! here. Well, 'pon my soul that boy's got good bones, down right good bones and constitution. See him run. Bless my eyes! See him run. Oh, oh! he's down again—now he's up—down again, down again—now up, up again, up and off—now he's up with the soldiers talking with them like an uncle. Well, now, [pause] I see they're halted near that store of mine. [Going.] I think I'll go to it; they may stand in need of something in my line. [Cannon.] What's that—thunder? No; can't very well be, such a day as this. No—no thunder that—likely it's artillery practice. Yes, must be. They're killing time again.

John Cook. [Enters 4 L. E., paper in hand, powder horn on, &c., pause.] Well, Mr. Russell, you hear the news?

R. [Turns.] Why, how do you do, Mr. Cook; how are you to-day, sir? [Aside.] I wonder now if he has heard the news, Harry—[Aloud.] Oh, the news, what is the news? The evening news? You have it?

John. Bad news, sir; bad as bad can be. [Hangs powder horn up.] You hear those cannon?

R. I hear those cannon, yes. [Aside.] I must get him away from that door—if I don't he'll hear his Harry. [Moves to 2 R. E.] I hear them—yes, yes. But them I've heard before.

John. No, sir; never those. Those, sir, are Southern cannon.

R. Southern cannon?

John. Aye, Southern cannon—Southern cannon battling on Pennsylvania's soil. That is the news.

R. No, no; it can't be true—impossible—no, no; it has not come to that—no, surely, no.

John. 'Tis come to that and more than that—the battle's going on and going on against us. You see those troops beyond? [Points 4 R. E.] See? They're falling back—falling back.

R. As bad as that? Why Mr. Cook—

John. As bad as that, and now they must be helped—I have come to get some men. Some men I want to go to work and dig some forts and hold them when they're dug. Come—you'll volunteer? I will!—(Loud.) I must; my father's loyal voice from yonder church-yard grave crys out: To arms, to arms, to arms! [Pause.] They must be helped, and we must help them—help them to defend that flag. Come, you have some men will volunteer. You have, I know.

R. Yes, yes; I have some men will volunteer in such emergency as this—most sure I have—yes, yes; most sure I have.

John. Well, go now, bring on them all; the young and old, the brave and bold—lets have them here, and right away. Yes, right away. [Cannon.] No time's to lose; you hear? Have you a gun?—a good one.

R. Gun, gun, I a gun! Why bless my soul, Cook, no. I haven't a gun, and I could'n use one if I had! Look at my eyes! No shooting straight with them—sir?

John. [Aside.] Oh, the deuce! [Aloud.] Oh, yes, yes, yes, too true. I overlooked those eyes of yours; yes, excuse me. But Russell, those eyes of yours could dig these forts—no need to dig them straight, you know. I think so, sir! Come, now, each man must something do—there's work for all and all must work! [Cannon.] You hear? Come, we must be stirring now and get these men and keep these balls a rolling hot and fast!

R. Keep the balls a rolling?

John. Yes, yes, go gather men and arm them to defend that flag! [Points out 4 R. E.] You know my oath, the oath I gave those men; "swear no other flag shall wave where that has waved before," that oath I'll help them keep. 'Tis their's to-day—'tis mine forever; my life shall make it good, and if I die my death shall consecrate it more! [Cannon—to men 4 R. E.] Keep heart, my men, keep heart! stand by that flag, 'twill win for us at last—'twill win at last; it never, never fails. It never failed on Pennsylvania's soil and never will. Keep heart! it wins at last; its shining stars foretell the coming day. Keep heart, and here on Pennsylvania's soil, your Southern foes will fight their last! [Going to house; two loud cannon; J turns.] Ha, ha! you hear that sound? That sound's their day of doom; they're dashing now against the Keystone's arch, and it will shiver Southern Chivalry to dust! [Exit house.]

R. Gone—gone in the house, and I didn't tell him the news; not a word about Harry, not a word. Well, I declare, that's too bad, I declare. Well, it can't be helped now. No; he's in for it, I see.] Going R.] So now about these men to dig—these forts. I'll go and see to that. Yes, yes; they must be dug—these forts—they must be dug; I see that plain. [Pulls out note book, pencil, and writes.] Yes; dug—dug and paid for. Let's see! I'll get some twenty men. [Pause.] Paid for. Yes; the Government must do their duty now, and pay these loyal business men who dig its soldiers' forts. [Pause.] Our Capital, North, doesn't own labor North by a long shot—not yet [Pause.] If it was only contract work now, I might make something. [Pause.] As it is, I suppose it will not amount to a very stately claim. No. [Looks at watch.] I'll mark the men's time good, any way. [Going.] There's nothing like an eye for business. [Exit 4 R. E.]

Jennie. [Enters from house.] What! Charley, gone? My Charley, gone? [Calling.] Mr. Russell! Mister—Mister Russell! [Drums.]

Mr. Russell! Oh! those horrid soldiers' drums. Mr. Russell! I know he's sent my Charley off somewhere, and just to plague me, too. I'll scratch his eyes out. [Looks 4 R. E.] There's Sam coming now, and soldiers too—all—everybody. Yes; glory! Now, I see Charley. No; is it? Yes; Charley! Charley! it is. Yes; Talking with an officer, and eating—yes; eating something. I wonder if it's cheese he's eating. Yes; like as not. Been buying cheese, and a whole head of it in that box. My conscience! I wonder what's the meaning of that flag—that diamond flag they have? Something new that to me. (Drums) There they come—no; they've halted again. He's eating with both hands.

Mrs. Cook. [Enters from house.] Where are they, Jennie? See them now? these rebel men! tarnation pack they are. Is that them yonder there; 'round top that hill?

J. Oh no, Mrs. Cook; that's our boys, there, round top that hill—see the flag—see?

Mrs. C. Well, are they falling back? I can't see—or shooting back? I hear some shooting going on! [Distant musketry.] Yes, you hear it? They must be shooting back! Wait, now here comes Sam, he'll tell us all the news; he knows it all, no doubt. Well, Sam, what is it?

Sam. [Entering 4 R.] Soldiers, Ma! 45th, 45th! (Exit house.)

Mrs. C. 45th! Why Jennie, that's the regiment that took our flag! Remember? [Drums.] That's the one—the very one, the 45th!

Jennie. Yes, yes, here they come, here they come! Now we'll see! Where's your handkerchief? Make ready! Here they come with their rummy-dum-dum. Oh, bless me, look at that flag, how torn! and look at that poor loaf of bread stuck on that bayonet! Well, for the land's sake! Look, you see it, Mrs. Cook?

Soldiers enter 4 R. E., with tattered U. S. flag and small diamond flag, (3d Corps.) Some have loaves of bread on bayonets, &c. Russell and crowds enter and stand on R. Sam enters with drum, from house; also Harry, also John, having a long rifle. The colors, salute John—J lifts hat, (white.) Some men with picks and shovels, make up the rear. Exit L.

Jennie. There now—there go the boys that fear no noise.

Russell. [Aside.] Yes; last time I saw them go, I saw them go the other way. [R. goes to Harry and John on porch. By-play. Sam plays with Rifle. Exit John 4 L. E. H. turns back and leaves pistol on box. Exit with R. 4 R. E.

Jennie.. That bread—You see that bread, Mrs. Cook?

Mrs. C. Yes, I saw it. I suppose it's some of Russell's best.

J. Yes; his best, no doubt—best charge. Look! there he goes a talking sweet to Harry about it, I suppose. See him. You know I think that he would sell to rebels now at half price, if they should come? I do indeed, honestly think he would. Yes; sell at half-price, and trust them too. Look at him, the old dough face! He's sent my

Charley off somewhere; I know he has, and just to spite me, too. Oh, you—get out! [Drums.]

Mrs. C. [Looks. 4. R. E.] What's that? More soldiers, is it? No. Oh, Jennie, what's the meaning of that flag—that diamond flag the soldiers' carried? You see it? What means it? Can stand the fire? [Cannon.]

J. Yes, yes, I think it does meant that, or something like to that. Yes, yes; can stand the fire; yes, I think it must be that. [Cannon.] Dear me! just hear those wicked guns. You think they'll whip us, Mrs. Cook? I'm sure a girl like I don't know.

Mrs. C. They'll whip us—Yes; when Sunday comes on Monday, but not before.

J. [Cannon.] Dear me! Does Harry think they'll fight?

Mrs. C. Oh, yes; he thinks they'll fight a day or so—a day or so; but after that they'll—[Pause.] "Simmer down," I think he said. What's "simmer down," Jennie? I never heard of that down East—Some sort of dance? you know.

J. Dance, yes; dance, I think it means—some sort of a dance—schottische, I think. Yes; that is the regular meaning of it, I think—Schottische.

Mrs. C. Schottische, is it? I see. [Aside.] Some fire-eating slang my son has learned in prison.

J. Sakes alive! See that boy playing with that gun—Sam! [S. playing hobby with rifle.]

Mrs. C. Oh, never mind him. Let him play—no danger; it's not loaded. No.

J. Oh, isn't it? Dear me, I thought it was! and Mr. Cook is going to use that gun, is he?

Mrs. C. Yes, he says he's going to make it warm to-morrow! But come, day's growing dark; most supper time I think. You'll stay for supper; will you? Yes, come. [Going to house.] We'll get it ready! [Turns aside.] Looking for Charley, I guess! [Aloud.] Come Jennie, he'll be back pretty soon—never fear; come, Harry will have him here for supper, I know, come along! [Aside.] He's getting some new countersign perhaps. Come Jennie! [Drums.] What's that? More soldiers, is it?

J. [Looking 4 R. E.] Yes, more soldiers, and coming this way too, I think! No, they're halted there at Russell's. Oh dear! look at that flag—all torn to ribbons. See? all but the stars! My goodness, what a flag!

Mrs. C. I see! 'Ah, Jennie, Jennie, that's the flag will live as long as old Methusaleh lived. [Cannon.] Fire! fire again! you tarnation rebels—fire! [Waves her hand and drops a bullet.]

J. Goodness alive! is that a bullet? Did it strike you Mrs. Cook? Oh you rebels!

Mrs. C. No, no. Where is it? You see where it went—this way? It's the ball from Harry's arm. Look for it.

Sam. Here it is, ma, here it is. [*Sam gives it to J.*]

J. Dear me, what a shape it's in! Why it looks like a hollow square. [*Puts it to her ear.*] Wait, can you hear in it? Is it haunted? [*Cannon.*] Oh my, take it Mrs. Cook! Murder! Take it!

Mrs. C. Jennie, Jennie, that ball I would not loose for all the gold in christendom! No. [*Kisses it.*] My soldier's cross! [*Cannon.*]

J. [*Aside.*] I wish my Charley would come; I wonder what's keeping him? [*Aloud*] Oh there's Mr. Cook down the way, see him? Now he's making motions! Yes, he wants me—both of us maybe. Yes, come, we'll both go! You see him there on the road—see?

Mrs. C. I see, I see, true enough. Yes; come, we'll both go. Now, there is something up. Come along, [*Going and turns.*] Oh, wait, I think I'll leave this bullet here; yes. [*Wraps in paper—places on box.*] I don't want to loose that whatever I do. There, that'll keep safe there, I guess. Sam, you be a good boy. [*Exit 4 L. E.*]

Sam. [*Salutes.*] Yes, maam. [*Cannon—distant cheers—“hi-yi-yi-yi—S. gets off gun.*] Whoa now! Whoa shell bark! Whoa—[*Gets Percy's pistol, Father's powder horn and Harry's ball and loads. Noise—Charley enters.*] Ho there! Halt there! [*Hides pistol.*]

Charley. [*Rushing in 4 R. E.*] Hallo, Sam! Sam, where's Harry? What are you doing? Where's your pap? Nobody at home, eh? All away—all gone?

Sam. Yes, sir; all gone—gone double kick. [*Points 4 L. E.*]

Ch. Double kick! Good bye, Sam; kiss me—God bless you! [*Exit R.*]

Sam. [*Cannon.*] Whoa now! [*Loading.*] Load in four times powder, paper, ball and paper. [*pours in powder—Cannon.*] Whoa now! Whoa! Powder—paper. [*Gets rammer out of gun and rams.*] Powder—paper—ball. [*Gets ball—noise.*] Ho, there! Halt, there! Who are you? [*Hides pistol in waist and it drops down his pants. Harry enters 4 R. E.*]

Harry. Here Sam, right away—quick—that gun—where's the rammer? What you been doing, inspecting eh? Was you? Hand it here, I'll fix it. Get that powder-horn now, and those other things; that's a man. [*Cannon.*] Fight, Oh! It'll be the biggest fight since heaven fought with hell! Hurry up, Sam. There, that's all right, I guess. Kiss me. Good bye. [*Going and turns.*] Oh, wait now! Here these papers—take these papers in the house. [*Pulls out some.*] Yes; I might loose them now. Hold! There's that pass of Percy's.

Sam. Percy. [*Holds out his hand.*]

H. What'll I do with this? Tear it up? There, take these—put away in the drawer. (*Exit Sam.*) Percy! Percy! (*Tears up the pass slowly.*) And now, that call to mind his pistol. (*Looks around.*) Yes; where's that pistol? I left it here; I'm sure I did—right here—right

on this box—yes, right on this box before I went out. Some one's been here and taken that. Who? Yes; I think I know. (*Calls.*) Sam! Sam! Was Charley here? You know Charley?

Sam. [At door.] Yes, sir; Charley gone double kick.

H. I thought so. (*Cannon. Distant' cheers—Hi-yi-yi-yi!*) Yes, yes; coming—coming. (*Exit—cool—4 R. E.*)

Sam. [Gets pistol out of pants.] Powder, paper, ball. All right and—paper. (*Runs for the torn pass and puts it in.*) Get in there—get in now—get in—get in. Won't you get'in—won't you get in—won't you—won't you get in? Wait till I get Percy's penholder; I'll make you get in. (*Exit house. Cannon—Cheers and musketry close.* *S. comes to door with lighted candle.* *Russell runs past from R. to L. Song in distance—“The Flag that was lost unto none.”* *S. places candle inside by door.* (*half open.*) Gets sleepy—kneels and prays—falls asleep. *Belle enters 3 R. E.* Sees him—emotion—kisses him. Noise. *Exit B. 3 R. E.* More noise. *Sam wakes—exit house, Mason and Johnson and two men enter 2 R. E. armed, &c,*)

Mason. (*Sees Belle running 3. R E.*) Hold! What's that? I'm going to shoot anything and everything that runs. (*Shoots.*) Missed! Hallo! Here's a house; just what's wanted. (*Looks in.*)

Johnson. (*At Jennie's box.*) It runs up my back; here's just what's wanted. Yes; ammunition—good! Here, Mason, come here. What is this any way, eh?

Mason. (*At house.*) Everybody's out but the candle. Come—come, let's in and make ourselves at home. Why it's quite a tasty little residence, this, eh?

J. Oh, my! What's this. We've struck—oil? Come here, Mason, come here—bring a light—quick—I've struck something. You two keep a sharp look out. (*To men.*) Come, Mason, quick!

Mason. (*With candle.*) Struck something, have you, eh? What—what is it, eh? Rations, is it? Oh, swear it!

J. (*Pulling things out of box.*) Rations—rations—fodder—food—fare provisions—provender—eatables—drinkables—wearables. • Oh, my! Commissary soul, the Sutler. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Mason. Oh, what's this? O-hi—o! What's this—what's this? (*Pulls out a ham.*) Goddess of pork! Look at us! Here fellows, take it—don't take a hog bite—cut her up. (*The men fight over it.*) Here! Here! Don't fight about it—don't fight—give it to Stewart, Mac—give it up. Let him cut it; he had it first. (*At box.*) Where are we now! eh? What's this? (*Pulls out cheese.*) What is it! eh? Is this the Fourth of July, Johnson, or what?

J. (*Puts on coat.*) I'll never tell you, I know there's been a fire some where. (*Struts with hands in breast.*) How is this now, eh, for Yankee Doodle Jack a Dandy? Eh, good fit? Fit to kill? Who am—I—What am I—how am I? Am I or am I not? Say.

M. Well I'll swear ! D—d, Johnson, if you don't look like Washington crossing the Alps.

J. Who ? Washington crossing the Alps !

M. No ; I mean Napoleon crossing the Delaware.

J. Who ? Napoleon crossing the Delaware ! I'm thinking, Mason, your head's "changing front." Eh, what's this ? (*Pulls out letter from pocket.*) What's this—a letter ? yes, it is, I think ; yes, a big long letter.

M. Letter, is it ? Oh, read it—read it. I'll bet a cow and calf it's a love letter—read it—read the epistle. How is Cupid, hungry, eh—eh—eh ? Oh, read it.

Men. (*Eating.*) Yes, yes, read the epistle. What is it ? Read it.

M. What's the matter, eh ? Can't you see ?

J. [*Emotion*] Yes, a mother's letter to her boy in prison. (*Pause.*) Shall I read it ?

All. No ! No ! No ! No !

M. No, no ; we'll pass that by. Oh, wait—look and see if there's money in it. Is there ? Look good.

J. No money, no—nothing but tears.

M. There, there, burn it up ; pass on to something else. A soldier's box this is, eh ? Or was to be. Yes, yes.

J. (*Burns letter.*) You see those blotches there ?—all tears.

M. There, there ; no more about it. What's this, eh ? What battle's this ? (*Pulls out bottle brandy peaches. A shot outside—men jump.*) Eh ! What's that ?

J. Eh ! What's that ? Wide-awake ! That's close. Wait, wait now—still ! Hear anything ?

M. (*Pause.*) Oh ! Come, that's nothing ; some fellow's shooting his finger off, perhaps. What is this any way ? I let's read

J. (*To men.*) See here, couldn't you men eat and watch too ? I think you could. Try now—try. You'll get a share of all that's going —coming I mean. What is it Mason, eh ? Can you see ?

M. Oh, yes ; see and believe—brandy peaches.

J. Brandy peaches ; Oh, come, can't pass that. (*To men.*) Look out that way now. (*Points R.*) Don't be looking at me to see if I'm watching you. Here Mason, mash that, take your knife—hither again, that's it—once more.

M. Peaches ; Oh, dear ! Freestones, I suppose—Eh ? Free's the word. There it is—opened. Heavens ! Smell. Here men, hold your canteens. (*Gives some to men.*) Here's your Gettysburg skedaddling drops. Isn't this a run of luck, eh ? Look—look at the bubbles bursting and lauging and laughing and bursting. Here J, take a bit for your appetite.

J. Wait men, I'll give you a toast. That's enough, Mason.

M. Toast, it is. Ready, are we ? Yes, read—y.

J. May our worst foes be those of our own sex, and our best friends the other. Drink.

M. Any man don't drink that, I'll brand him on the head with this bottle. (*All drink.*) Down she goes in spite of our foes. Oh! Isn't that luscious. I wonder who found out this way of saving peaches, eh? Some woman, I'll bet. Come, men, another toast. Are you ready?

J. All ready. Toast it is Toast! What's your boast?

M. The smile of woman—the best old smile a-going—(*all drink*)—don't we love it? (*At box.*) And now what're all these papers about Johnson—eh?

J. [Looks and flings them by.] Something about England.

M. Hello! here's a handkerchief—what name's that in the corner—eh? Hold on, I'll look at it; I can read. Jennie, eh! Very good. I thank Jennie in the name of Virginia. (*Ties it 'round neck.*) What next? Pound cake—exactly, molasses pound cake. Oh, well, we'll live through the night I think. (*Breaks and eats.*) I think we'll not get short of breath on this, eh? Here take some, some more—more yet. Good cook baked that—eh. Bet! (*Distant song—“The flag that was lost unto none.*)

J. Listen. Yanks singing—eh! (*All get sleepy.*)

M. (*Pause.*) Sing away, you'll sing a different jubilee to-morrow. (*Nods.*) (*The men sleep on porch—Sam looks out up stairs' window—Comes down, steals out of lower window in night clothes, shoes in hand, pistol, &c, exit 4 L. E., slow.*)

J. (*Nodding.*) I'll swear I feel awful sleepy. My eyes—heavy as lead—(*pause.*) Hallo! there, you fellows—sleeping? Come, come, wake up—don't let them steal a march on us. (*Pause.*) I wonder if there was anything in those peaches. I feel awful sleepy. I wonder if they're poisoned—eh! Poisoned—eh! Oh, that's awful to think after drinking her health—poisoned. (*Little Sam and Jerry enter 4 L. E.*) Hallo, Mason, think those peaches all right—eh?—do you? I don't.

M. (*In sleep.*) Come, we'll take you right home—right up a tree. Oh, say, do I look like Jackson—eh—do I—much, what?

Jerry. Listen him. Indeed you're a bright son of somebody.

J. What are you talking about? Who are you talking about? (*In sleep.*) Let's start a fight, Mason. I heard the Yanks got paid off—come; they've got dead loads of money, I'll bet—eh. What do you say? (*Pause.*) Yanks singing—eh? (*Pause.*) Oh, to h—ll with your Bull Run banner.

M. (*In sleep.*) Shut up Johnson—write a book.

Man. (*Sleeping on porch.*) On to Washington! On to Washington!

Jerry. Dry up you old soap-sud, (*pause,*) if you go on that way again I'll lather the devil out of you. There'll be no more ham for you young man—not this side of Washington any way. There boy, off wid you! (*J shoulders box.*) I think the peaches are all right! (*To M.*) Troth

and I would like to see Jackson look at you. (*Exit L.*)

J. (Sleeping.) Halt! Who goes there? (*Pause.*) Why this here's a pass sonth. Hold him Mason! Eh, what countersign? (*Wakes up.*) Countersign poisoned! (*Jumps up.*) Poisoned. What, what? Where am I? Whose coat's this? Coat. Oh yes, the box, box, box! Where's that box? Where's that box of ours? Robbed, robbed! Ho, Mason, wake up, wake up lively! Here, here, wake up fellows—wake up! Where's our box? We're robbed, wake up! You hear? Robbed.

M. (Sleeping) Sing away, sing away. (*Wakes up.*) Eh, what, what's the matter, what's the matter here?

J. Where's the box—the box? We're robbed. You hear? Robbed, wake up! Eat some powder. Robbed, oh robbed.

M. Eh, robbed, is it? What, box gone? Ham, cake, cheese, everything, all—all gone. Oh my.

J. Oh my, what soldiers! Everything's gone.

M. Let's burn the house.

J. No, never mind the house. Come, let's clear out of here. Here, wake up men—wake up! (*Pushes them out 3 R. E.*) Wake up, eat some powder. Come along Mason, come along. Yes, stay and they'll have you the next thing, come now, quick. Robbed! Oh my, that's worse than poisoned. (*Exit.*)

[*John, Jerry and Sam enter 4 L. E. J. white hat, rifle, &c., S. drum.*]

Jerry. Oh, the blackguards, there they go! You see them John? You see them, there a taking down the road—you see—you see?

J. Yes, something black I see. (*J. takes candle and enters house.*) You watch them Jerry, till I see how things look here—you too, Sam.

Jerry. Troth and I'm sorry, boy, we didn't kidnap the whole gang of them, while here before. [*Sound of bird.*] Ho, ho! There's their little blue bird. They're up to mischief now. They miss that light away from there. That's what's wrong.

John. [*At door of house.*] All right inside, I think.

Jy. Troth that's a wonder. Put by the light, there, John. I hear them whistling for it. There. It must be nearly morning. [*Cannon.*] Oh, there it is again—that bloody English gun. You hear it, John?

John. Is that—that English Armstrong gun I hear such talk about?

Jy. Aye, troth is it; that's it—that's talking now.

Sam. What is it Pa, the Armstrong gun?

John. Yes, child, the Armstrong gun.

Jy. And does he know, your boy, what Armstrong means?

John. No. Do you, Sam, my boy? [*S. shakes head.*] No; he's not that far advanced. But you can tell him if you like—tell him. Yes; "the rising generation must be educated."

Jy. He's heard of England, sure, of course.

Sam. England! Mother England! Oh, my! Yes.

Jy. [Aside.] Mother England. [Aloud.] Well, yes, boy, Mother England it is—Mother Armstrong England, Eh, John? Yes.

Sam. Is Armstrong that the Christian name?

Jy. Is that the Christian name? You hear that John? Oh, troth its fine, he's coming on—foin. Yes, boy; Armstrong, that's her Christian surname; you understand? her surname. [Cannon.]

Sam. Yes, sir; I 'rstand.

John. Yes; that he stands. Now, tell him, Jerry, of the guns; the surnamed Armstrong guns.

Sam. They call guns Armstrong, too? Why—

John. Exactly, boy; they call guns Armstrong, too.

Sam. Why, what's the reason that?

Jy. Reason! You hear him, John?—the reason. Yes, yes. Well, here, boy, I'll tell you now the reason why they call the guns the "Armstrong" guns—the principal reason. Listen. There was a war some years ago in English India—a war some rebels made. Well, the English soldiers caught the rebels—Sepoys, I think they called them—yes, Sepoys; and when they caught them they tied their arms—strong—this way—behind them to the cannon. [Crosses hands behind him, &c.] You see? And when they had their arms—strong, this way—to the cannon, they shot the cannon off, and that's the reason they call them the Armstrong cannon. [Pause.] Do you moind? Cannon they are—big; not guns like these.

Sam. [Pause.] Oh, yes; there were six hundred rebels—I mind.

Jy. Six hundred! six hundred! [Pause.] Hold, boy. I know right-ly what you're thinking of. You're thinking now of the charge of Balaclava, the poet wrote about. But it's the charge of the "Ball-o'-Sepoys" I'm speaking of now—the Ball-o'-Sepoys. Troth there may have been six hundred in that charge, too, or sixty, or sixty-nine, for all I know; but I wouldn't swear about that point, kase there was never a poet wrote about it. [Cannon.]

Sam. [Pause.] And would you shoot our rebels that way?

Jy. Would I shoot our rebels that way? You hear him, John? [Scratching head.] Well, well, my boy, I wouldn't—I wouldn't shoot them that way; no, I wouldn't. But 'deed, my boy, I'd shoot their flag that way—troth I would—ram it in the cannon's mouth, my boy, and blow it to the—to the—the—the fellow in the moon. I would, my boy, I would.

Rose. [With white handkerchief round neck. enters 4 L. E.] Hallo! here, everybody! That you, Jerry? Spry, spry now, they're coming. [A shot outside R.] Hear them The early birds are after worms.

Jerry. Troth I do hear them. [Looking R.] I think I'll put this out for good. [Blows out candle and puts in house.] Troth and see them now, I do. There's one by that big apple tree, beyond. You see him, John? It's climbing up, he is, you see him? [five or six shots R.]

Ah, they see us now—scatter—stand back there, boy—stand back—stand back!

John. [Shoots and loads, using the English papers—fills pockets with them, &c.]

Jy. There, easy, John, easy now; don't fight them here. No; you do, they'll burn the house, they will.

John. House; never mind. Come, blaze away! (Shots.) Don't stop for that—shoot—shoot—shoot with care!

Rose. That's it, John; shoot at the head of the Seceshaire. [Shoots.]

Jy. Troth there's Artillery now, it is. You see it shining there beyond that apple tree, you see, beside the flag? Troth that's artillery, sure. Come, John, come, let's take the woods; that gun'll sweep the roads—it will; come, fall back—the woods—quick—quick! come by there, boy—come, John.

John. Hold! One more, Jerry—one! Jerry, to their flag!

Jy. Well, do shoot at the head of the Secesh rag!

John. Is that it by the apple tree? [Aims.]

Jy. It is. Troth and I'll blow a hole in it myself.

John. [Shoots.] Down, isn't? Yes, its down, I think.

Jy. Down it is, by the ghost of Adam! Come now, John, come, let them alone. That's it, come. [Shouts.] The top of the morning to you. Troth I see them making for that gun. [Pause.] I'd sell my soul to the devil to capture an Armstrong gun, I would. [Exit all 4 L E.]

[*Mason, Johnson and Southern Soldiers* enter 4 R. E. One piece of artillery, one rattlesnake flag with sharp nail on staff to stand it. *Mason* with rope.]

Johnson. Yes, jump now, you penitentiary substitutes! Here, two of you men go down the road and watch them out of sight. You, Mac, go, and Stuart. Hurry on, and mind, don't fire back unless they come in force; save shots. One of you get up a tree. (Exit two men.) Well, men, we're going to have a goodly day to-day, and going to begin it with a Yankee execution—a hanging business. Blue Monday, this, for one man, sure. How is this rope, Mason? Think it strong enough? Cotton, eh?

Mason. [Fixing rope on tree.] Cotton, yes. If it breaks you know it's easy doubled up. There—that'll do, I guess. Eh? and just on time. See, here comes Dick.

Dick. [Entering 4 R. E., to J.] Well, Sergeant, how are all the men—pretty fair?

J. Yes, sir; pretty fair; about as usual.

D. [Shows papers.] Rations this morning, had they?

J. Yes, sir; all had rations—extra rations.

D. Go in that house there and look for pen and ink. [Exit J.] Hurry up, now; this business must be done on time. [To men.] We're going to make some history here, my men. There, Mason, that'll do good

enough. Go, now, bring in your man. Let's get him through this business quick as possible. [Exit *M.*, R.] [Culling.] And bring along some cord for his hands. [Two cannon.] You hear the foe? [To men.] Oh, we have them licked, my men. We have them licked and we must keep them licked—yes, keep them licked until they lick the dust! Fight on! One victory more on Northern soil our cause is won! One victory more and peace and independence day is ours. One more—that little flag will wave its shadow 'round the world, and all the world salute and honor. One victory more, the North itself is free, and war and Yankee slavery's at an end. Here is its home, my men, its union's arch, and here it is that we must win or die. Here must we crown our hopes or perish with them. To morrow's sun must see that flag above those works or red in our heart's blood! The prisoner—well.

[*Mason* enters 4 R. with *Percy*.] Halt him there Sergeant!

[*Johnson* enters from house with pen, ink, &c. Two cannons heard, *D.* drops pen.] What's that? Signal! Yes—must be.

Percy. (At 3 R. E.) My boyhood's home!

Dick. There that'll do, I guess. Take them back now, take them back; then go out to the picket line and see if anything is stirring out there. Lose no time; report back soon. (To *P.*) Well sir, your day is come! (Pause.) Your day is come!

Percy. I am ready, sir!

D. Anything to say why the law should not proceed?

P. Nothing to say.

D. Nothing to say. (Aside.) Short. I wish he would say something good or bad. (Aloud.) Nothing to deny have you? You were caught in that dress—were you not? The crime you know—you know the penalty—death. Yes, you must hang.

P. (To himself.) Hang—not shot.

D. Shot, you? No sir, hang! So says the law—so say I—and so it must be. I do not judge the law; I execute it as I find it. Come, have you cords to bind him? (*M.* shows some.) Yes sir; hang you must and right beneath that flag.

P. Beneath that flag? (Aside.) Never!

D. Aye, right beneath that flag. Come, once more—have you anything to say? Speak, say it now—the time is come—now or never. (Pause.) Silent! Enough Sergeant—hold—

P. Beneath that flag! (Pause.) Then let that flag, that sign and synonym of evil's self, now take my dying curse. 'Twas cursed of old in Holy writ and here I curse it once again—and thus, thus! (Pulls down *Rattlesnake* flag, tears and tramps it under foot.) Thus do I right myself unto my country's love and curse Secession's serpent seed!

[A cannon—a hissing shell heard in the air.]

Dick. (In pulling pistol drops it, &c., shoots.) Die, you mad dog! [*PERCY* falls—grasps flag—*MASON* drags him 'round the stage, then cuts

his hand with knife, &c.—Musketry on left, close—JOHNSON and men enter L. firing and falling back.]

Johnson. They're coming, Major, solid *en masse*. (Shoots L.)

D. Steady men—steady now. (Looks at P.) How, is he dead? No. Here, take him off, now—take him off. He'll die beneath that flag. I swear it. Here, take this rope, one of you—take him to the rear now—guard him well. (M. drags P. out 4 R. E.) Up with that flag there! (Dick lights cigar and smokes.). Take aim, steady now, steady; don't waste your ammunition, Take aim—never shoot at a man; always aim at a part of him. (Pause.) Remember now 'tis slavery you fight against, my men—slavery, the worst of slaveries, Yankee slavery and don't forget it. What's this? Orders? Take aim—don't waste a shot. (Cavalry Messenger enters 4 R. E., hands paper to D.) Where are you from?

Mess. Col. Pickett, sir.

D. Colonel Pickett. Take aim—steady. (D opens, reads, writes on envelope, &c., exit Mess.) Here men, fall back with this gun—right away now: steady, steady, steady. Halt there at that apple tree. (Exit men with gun, calling.) Steady men—keep together—keep together, now—don't straggle, Come, fall back slowly, Sergeant. (Exit Dick, then exit Johnson, &c., firing 4 R. E.)

TABLEAU.

Scene opens disclosing breast work—(green cloth 10 feet high)—angle in centre of stage; behind it soldiers firing R.; cannon heard in the distance; U. S. A. soldiers, headed by HARRY, make a sortie; enter 3 L. E. exit 3 R. E.; one soldier in rear throwing away a pack of cards; SAM last with drum; loud firing; MASON and JOHNSON (latter with red handkerchief 'round neck) enter 1 R. E.; Rose (with white handkerchief) enters 3 R. E.; J and R. fire together; shoot each other, rush together, and fall together, dead, near 3 R. E.; Charley enters 3. R. E.; Mason shoots, wounds him; C. falls near 3 L. E.; HARRY enters 3 R. E. (BELLE'S handkerchief on wounded arm) and cuts down MASON with sword near 3 L. E.; Dick enters 2 R. E., cuts at HARRY and misses him; they fight 'round and 'round; SAM enters 3 R. E., aims pistol at Dick, moving 'round and 'round; D. cuts him on the arm; S. changes pistol to left hand, aims and shoots DICK; D. on knee and arm fights HARRY and falls; BELLE enters 2 R. E., shoots and kills SAM, approaching DICK; S. falls over the breast of DICK, forming a Cross on the stage; BELLE aims at HARRY; H. throws away sword, places hand on breast; BELLE relents, throws away pistol; both embrace and kneel at head of Cross; hands clasped, heads down; JERRY enters 2 R. E. with Arms rong gun; in it a Rattlesnake flag—takes position in rear of cross; CHARLEY crawls and takes J's hand over cannon; speaks—“Remember me”—dies; J. kisses cannon, lifts his hand on high; JOHN COOK, wounded in the face, displays U. S. flag on angle of breast-works. Curtain.

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